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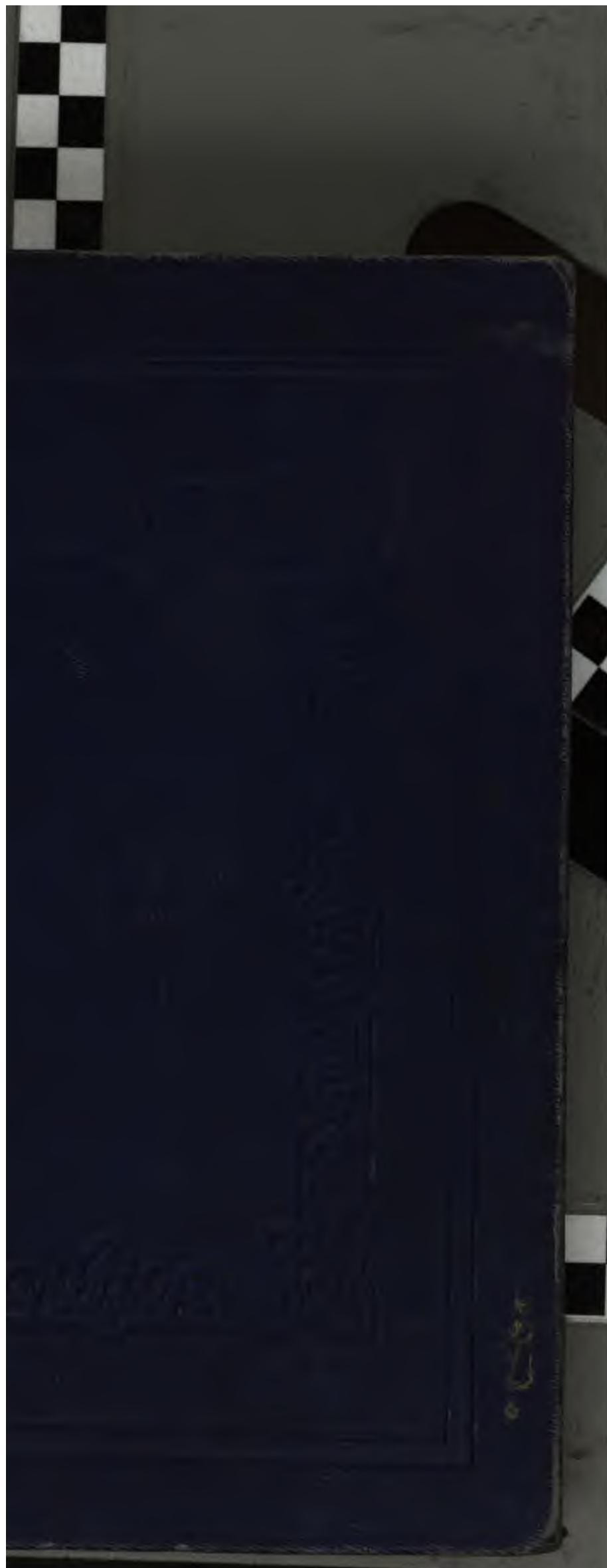
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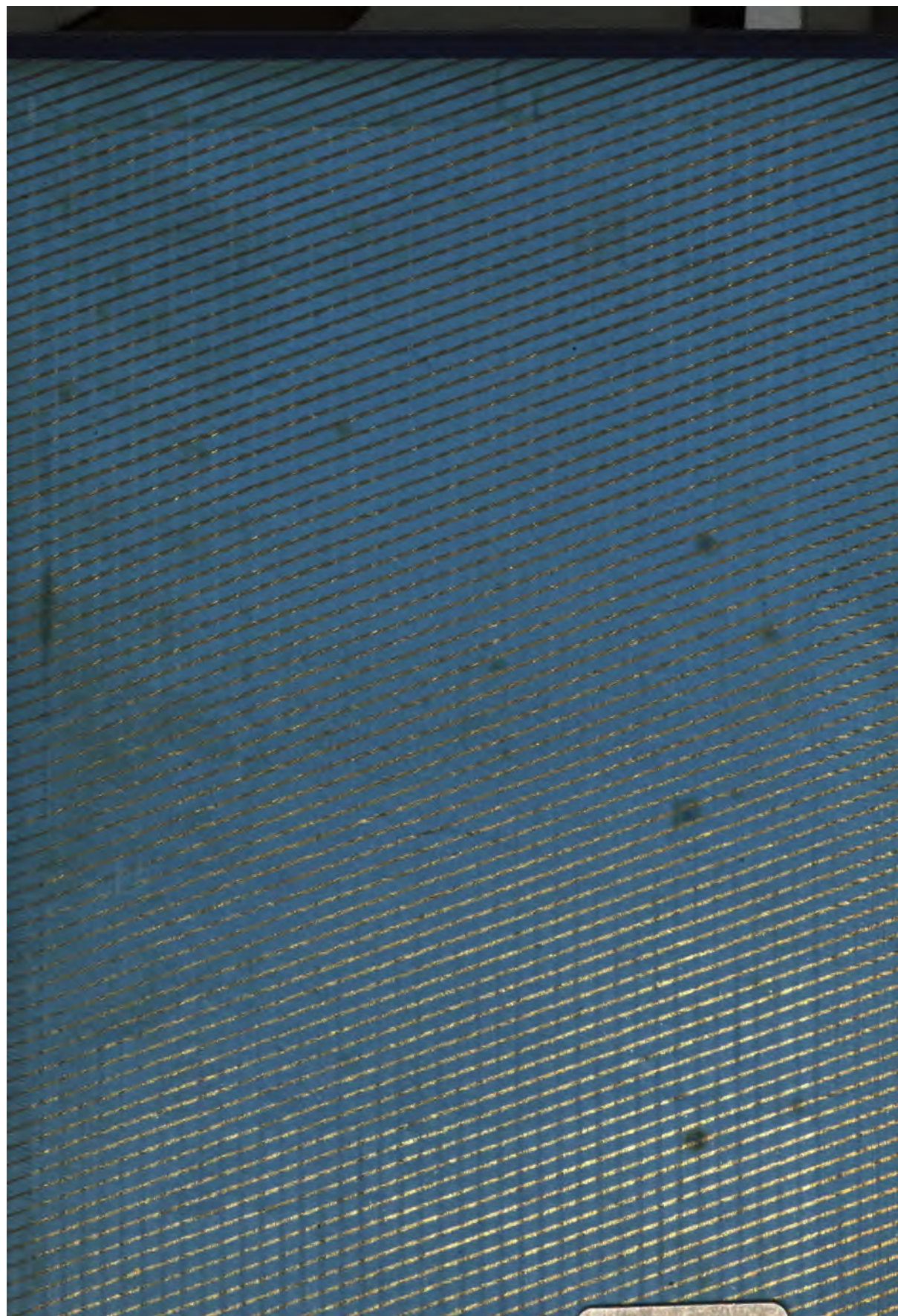
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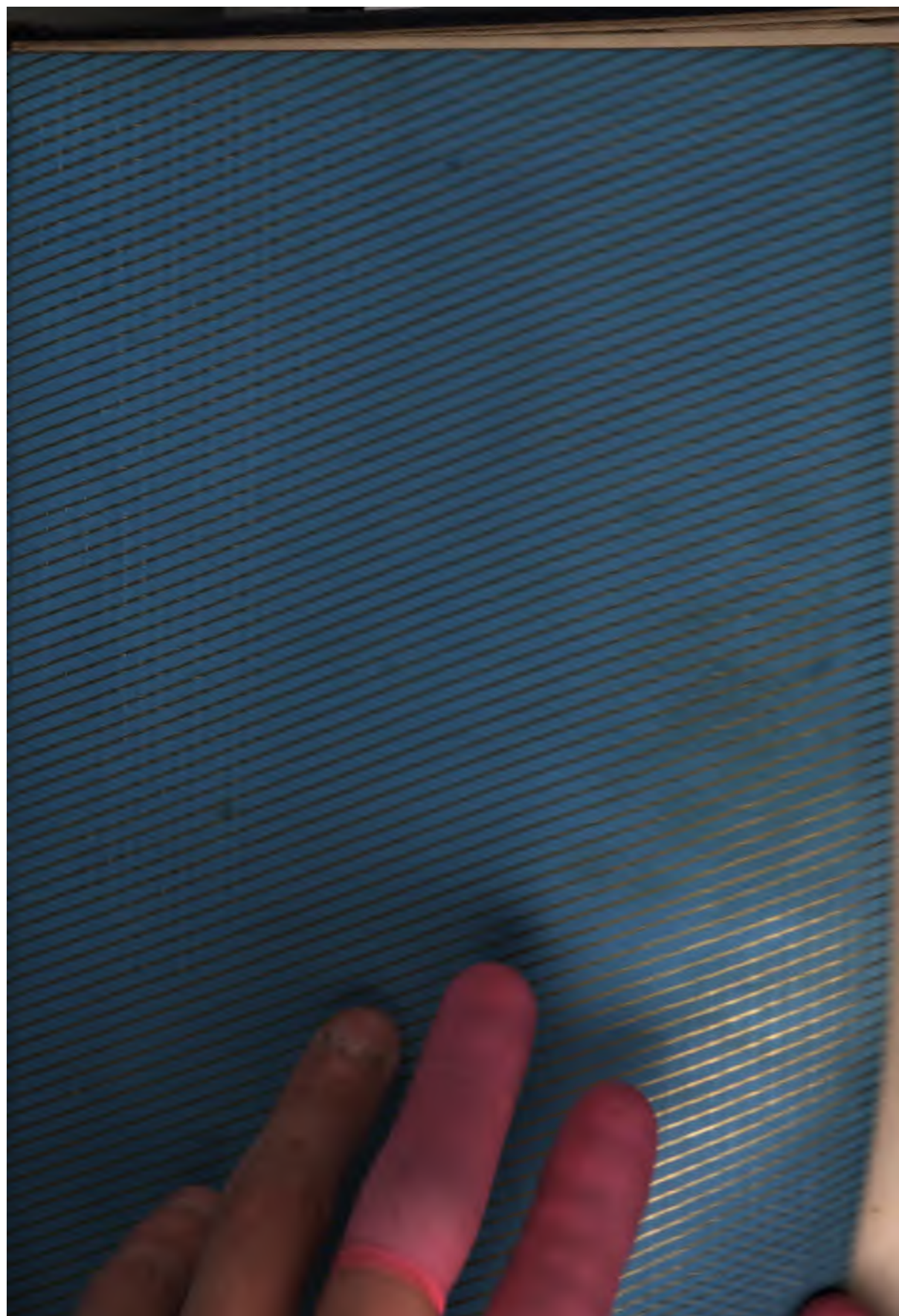
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280. d. 138.





MEMORIES

OF

THE PAST.











600049538Z

280. d. 138.







MEMOIRS

OF

THE PAST.

TO LILLIE.

---

Mild as the morning song of vernal birds  
At dawn of day, when their fresh carols rise  
In orison, is thy loved voice to me,  
My absent Child! Sadly, this April morn—  
Thy natal day—I miss the wonted strain  
Of birth-day greeting. Thou hast been to me  
From infancy a source of joy and hope  
Each cycling year has more than realized.

Sweet recollections of thy earliest days  
Entwine with memories of daring aims  
Of high ambition, and the manly toil  
Of persevering years in unproved fields  
Of bold adventure—happily achieved!

All this is known to thee; but I would have  
My Daughter—first pledge of a happy home—  
The loved companion of my later years—  
Retrace with me the scenes of my young days,  
And know the spirit of her Father's thoughts  
Before his step waxed slow, his temples grey.

To Thee, I dedicate these slight-traced scenes—  
Sketches from life in a far Eastern clime.

LILLIE! for Thee I've snatched these "MEMORIES" from TIME.

OAKLANDS, 5th April, 1857.

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# MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

## Introduction.

“**T**IME!”—What is Time to man?—The Present Time  
Is passing opportunity t’ enact  
The Actions of to-day,—and to record  
Th’ occurrence of Events in the Mind’s eye.  
Then, just as we are conscious that—*they are*—  
Already—*they are not*.

### Events in Time

Roll by us like a Dioramic Scene,  
Slow shifting ’fore the eye ;—bringing the far  
Prospective to the Present ;—then to lapse  
For ever in the Perspective of the Past,  
’Till dwindling, lost in distance.

### Past Events

Were Memory’s functions unimpaired by Time

Would aye be present to the thinking part  
 Of human entity, in all the freshness  
 Of the Events when passing,—as real Facts  
 Unchangeable.—Our changing view of Facts  
 Springs from the changes in our changing selves.  
 The frame wears on, chilling from youth to age,  
 Dimming the Picture of the Past, whose tints,  
 Once in rich keeping, fade, yet not from Time,  
 But failing Memory, making that folly  
 Which does not suit *our* Present ;—for the old  
 Identity is gone—*qualis eram*  
*Non sum*—I am not what I was.

There are  
 Whose genial Hearts are ever green, to whom  
 The whole of life looks fresh, as in young days,  
 Who sympathize in their declining years  
 With the young joys and sorrows of the young.

Will not all hearts be such, when the freed Soul  
*Again* united to a Body, soars  
 A Spiritualized Man, and never more  
 Subject to change ;—except in constant growth  
 Of intellectual development ?

And shall not Memory, enfranchised then  
 From mortal limitation, renovate  
 The Pictures of things Past, and so revive  
 In pristine freshness our experience gained

On earth when mortal—the first principles  
 Of a more perfect Knowledge ;—whilst the Soul,  
 Free in its powers, accumulates for aye  
 TRUTH—without error, drudgery, or doubt ;—  
 An exercise of Mind which will no more  
 Perplex the puzzled sense, but harmonize  
 All Truth in unison?

Yes!—The God-like Soul—  
 (Taught by HIS Love, from Whom *all* Wisdom springs,)  
 Will treasure up, through endless fields of Time,  
 Fresh stores of Knowledge, till by gradual steps,  
 Expanding in intelligence, it gains  
 A comprehension more and more defined  
 Of the illimitable depth and height  
 Of All-Creative Wisdom.—That high aim  
 Is not within the reach, but is the range  
 Of Intellect ; bounding the *possible*  
 Of Knowledge in the Creature.—Still our trust,  
 With aspirations high, clings to the truth  
 “ Wisdom Divine is Infinite,”—and so  
 The Soul’s progression—thus knowledge shall expand  
*For ever* ripening through eternity.

But back to Earth.—

The Dioramic Scene  
 Is passing still before us, yet the Event



Which ushered in the Picture *now* in view,  
Is a nonentity—a Shadow of the Past—  
Existing only as a Memory.

And there are Memories imperfect, dim,  
Yet latent in my mind I would revive—  
Restore in all their freshness, and bring back,  
Tinged with the lights and shadows of their Time,  
And the warm feelings stamped on them in Youth,—  
To make again The Present, ere my mind  
Fail in its powers, and the worn frame recoil  
Weary from labour.

I would chronicle  
Events enacted in far distant lands  
By actors past, or passing fast away—  
Recall my early friendships and depict  
The scenes in which they grew, and withered too.  
Some yet survive, and dear to Memory still  
Are those time-assayed friends; and if their names  
Are not recorded here—their deeds, their words  
Are imaged 'neath the shadow of a name.

Run fearlessly, my pen, these Memories are  
Not for the quibbling Critic, but for those  
I love, and who love me.—For them I'll snatch  
The scenes of a once present from the maw

Of the Devourer Time ;—and they shall be  
 As scattered trophies rescued from the Past  
 To intensify the Present, and condense  
 A Life in the Mind's glance.



And first I turn

With a still lingering love to Eastern lands  
 Where long I wandered 'neath the Sun's own Clime—  
 My heart then young and strong with untamed fire  
 There revelled in the wild abandonment  
 Of a luxuriant Liberty:—I made  
 The Forest and the Wilderness my home—  
 Forests that spread o'er mountain-range and plain  
 Two hundred leagues unbroken.—There I met  
 Each of the untamed denizens of those wilds  
 In independent freedom.

All maintain

Their rights in those free regions as they may ;—  
 The Hunter's trust is in his rifled tube—  
 Aggressive or defensive.—Oft alone  
 He threads the wilderness, where every brake  
 And fastness may conceal a watchful foe.—  
 There roams the Elephant in mighty herds—

There crouch grim Tigers, and the Lion stalks  
 Lord of the forest.—“The ever - angry Bear,”  
 The Panther, and Hyena prowl among  
 The rocky, bush-clad glens.—Deep in the pools—  
 The unsightly head alone exposed to view—  
 Wallows the Buffalo.—’Twas there I saw  
 The sluggish Alligator’s serrate jaws  
 Snap at a Pelican about to alight  
 On its long trunk,—like some rough timber log—  
 Basking in the mosquito-breeding slime.<sup>1</sup>  
 The Wild Hog’s fiery eyes and curving tusks  
 Gleam from the marshy margin, half concealed  
 ’Neath rank luxuriant plants of monstrous growth.  
 O’er wooded plains, the noble Bison seeks  
 His pasture,—and in groups, the Ganges-Stag  
 Browse watchful. The fierce Elk bursts through the copse  
 Crashing his headlong way. The subtle Snake  
 Threats the unwary, or with poisonous fang,  
 Or huge involving fold.

Nor are the Birds,  
 That wing their passage through the fields of air,  
 Less worthy of the clime. The Peacock’s pride  
 Must ’neath a tropic sun be viewed, to paint  
 The gorgeous glory of its plumage, spread,  
 In starry halo round him. Circling high  
 The carrion Adjutant in giant size

Has not his equal.     The shy Toucan, crowned  
 With his vast sounding horn, hurls forth his cry  
 Far o'er the echoing jungle.     Forms of grace  
 Skim featly through the air, or dive beneath  
 The sparkling waters.—In varying colours none  
 The iris-tinted Kingfishers excel.  
 And all amidst PRIMEVAL FOREST glades,  
 In immemorial freedom, have their home.

And these old sere-leaved FORESTS!—when the rains  
 In Monsoon-torrents quench the nine-month thirst  
 Of sun-parched nature—in one night throw forth  
 A burst of verdure, bright with delicate green,  
 Fresh as young Paradise new-robed to greet  
 The first-created Adam.     Flowers and Fruits  
 Succeed—varied in form, and taste, and hue,  
 Beyond the dull imaginings of those  
 Who dwell midst numbing colds and cloudy skies.

The sacred BANYAN<sup>2</sup>—in honor held  
 By Brahma's worshippers—each year extends  
 Its rising family round the parent stem.  
 The old “time-honored” trunk, with heart decayed  
 Thro' lapse of many centuries, still survives  
 In a fine green old age, and forms within

Its hollowed bole a chamber large and high,  
 Where Multitudes meet in worship. Thro' its sides  
 Bold arches pierce in architectural curves,  
 Each gothic arch by clustering pillars stayed.  
 The spreading boughs in horizontal sweep  
 Stretch forth on every side; whence roots descend  
 Themselves becoming trees—(united still  
 Grandsire and Progeny)—the lasting props  
 Of their aged parent's limbs;—each race arranged  
 In wide concentric circles, till a grove  
 Of goodly scions girt the Patriarch round  
 And guard his age from the tornado's blast.  
 Thus round th' ancestral trunk descendants thrive  
 Thro' many generations, and comprise  
 A "Genealogic Tree." 'Twas so of old  
 In prediluvial times, Methuselah  
 Beheld his childrens' childrens' sturdy race  
 Grow up beneath his Patriarchal sway,  
 And emulate the Arch-Sire of their stock—  
 Revered, upheld in venerable age,  
 By a long progeny with filial care,  
 Strong in united links of bonded love.

And next the TEAK (whose pungent oil defies  
 The White Ants' ravages).<sup>3</sup> The iron Teak  
 As strong, more lasting than the British oak,  
 Here lords it o'er the Jungle, in a reign



Of many centuries, ere its tardy growth  
 Attain perfection.     There in contrast strange  
 The succulent Banana's sappy stem,  
 Offspring of one short summer, spreads a leaf  
 Large as a small skiff's sail o'er luscious fruit  
 Clustering in layers on layers—the garden's pride!

Here serrate Aloes lift their towering spikes  
 Of blossom, high in air,—with lavish waste—  
 The fabled produce of a hundred years.

And there a group of tall and graceful trees,  
 With branch-like leaves, some spreading like a fan,  
 Some tapering long, o'er pendulous pedicles  
 Of clustering fruit, or crowned by whorls of flowers  
 On chandelier-like amber-colored spikes—  
 The PALM—PALMYRA—and the COCOA—yield,  
 Besides their varied fruits, delicious draughts  
 Of nectar from their sap, ere the sun's ray  
 Converts the beverage by fermenting heat  
 To an intoxicating poisonous dram.<sup>4</sup>

Exceeding all in height and rapid growth,  
 Clustering in clumps of architectural form,  
 Like columned shafts of some Cathedral Fane,  
 The Giant-Grass, BAMBOO, springs from the ground  
 A hundred feet in air—one season's growth,  
 Ere it expand a leaf!—then sheds abroad  
 Its pennate branches as a giant plume

Of Ostrich-feathers ;—the fine tapering points  
 Droop over head with interlacing arch,  
 Like the groined roof of an old Gothic Pile,  
 Changed by the spiriting wand of Woodland Fay  
 From the cold stone to a light vernal bower  
 For his winged Fairy Love.

Here Flowerets hang,  
 Festooning from the boughs, of radiant hues,  
 'Mid feathery sprays light dancing in the breeze.

The brightest gems of India's Floral Realm  
 From slender CREEPERS spring, and mantle o'er  
 With delicate fragile stems, and tendriled leaves  
 The hoary giants of the Forest-glade,  
 Which tempest-scathed by the jagged lightning's flash,—  
 Or strangled in their wood-bind grasp—expired.  
 The rugged arms, long bleached by sun and rain,  
 Again invested in the "borrowed plumes"  
 Of brilliant foliage, and rich clusterings  
 Of gorgeous blossoms, 'neath that "yoke of death,"  
 Surpass in loveliness their youthful pride.<sup>5</sup>

The gazer wonders how those Climbers frail,  
 Which scorn, like humble Ivy, to ascend  
 The ragged trunk by timid clinging arms,  
 Aspiring reach the high o'er-hanging branch ;—  
 But mark !—Entwined and knotted on themselves,  
 Those sturdy rampant limbs have *built* their way

Up from their roots, and now contorted, take  
The shape of twisted cables, intricate  
And most grotesque in structure, then lance forth  
A host of spiral tendrils to enfold,  
With light insinuating coils, a twig  
Of that gigantic Teak—a Prisoner now—  
A Victim soon,—in strangling bonds to die.—

Surpassing all—the Orchidaceous tribes,  
So prized in the far West, display their freaks—  
A Parasitic growth grotesquely shaped  
By sportive Nature in capricious mood—  
Now as a Moth—a Butterfly—a Bee—  
Or graceful Swan—or Fairy Mannikin—  
Clinging to gnarled trunks of forest trees,  
Lie hid 'neath the dark foliage, and dispense  
Their delicate odours round, themselves unseen.<sup>6</sup>

And last, but best, in Beauty's bright domain,  
Blending romance with stern reality—  
The dark skinned Maiden of the East may claim  
The homage of a smile, a tear, a sigh.

Secluded from the world, her narrow sphere  
Of usefulness or virtue scarce extends  
Beyond the sacred precincts of her home.

Timid, retiring—'t is her highest praise  
 'Midst the seclusion of domestic life,  
 To show devotion to her lord in youth—  
 In age submission, to neglect and scorn.  
 The Christian Realms of Europe cannot boast,—  
 Where Intellect, Faith and Virtue brightest shine—  
 The female heart more tender, holy, pure,  
 Than the *élite* of Hindu womanhood.

Less hidden charms the Eastern Poets sing,  
 To pique the Lover's dream of Indian maids.  
 Their "Nourmahals"—the "Hareem's dreamy Light"—  
 "Gulnares"—the "Pomegranate's fragrant Rose"—  
 And "Fatimas"—the "Blush of Orient Dawn"—  
 Queens and Sultanas of th' "Arabian Nights"—  
 Stars of the Serail and the Odalisque—  
 Still captivate with fascinating power  
 The Prince—the Peasant—of those ardent climes.  
 Though truth inspire the fancy, words in vain  
 Struggle to paint th' "ideal witchery"  
 Those thin-veiled, mocking mysteries, glance through  
 The coquetting Yshmack.<sup>7</sup>

In form voluptuous,  
 Graceful in movement, softly indolent,  
 Slow gliding on the tiny slippered foot  
 Or sunk on cushions, picture of repose !  
 (So suited to the languid, loving clime),

Enshrined in glittering robes of gauzy web,  
 Wreathed round with silken scarfs of rainbow tints ;  
 The long and silken hair in waving locks,  
 Gathered in knots behind, then clustering thrown  
 The shoulders o'er, veiling the swelling bust—  
 Such was, such is, the Beauty of the East—  
 “Gazelle-eyed daughter” of “the sunny land !”

Her partner—MAN—in the primeval garb  
 Of his dark skin (“the shadowy livery  
 Of simple nature”) walks, as if the fruit  
 Of good and evil were not plucked for him.

Of an impassioned race, and ardent clime,  
 His very heart throbs fire, and the fierce stream  
 Bounds in its rapid course through every vein.

Simple in life, in virtue primitive,  
 His faith is vehement, from blind belief  
 In grossest Superstition :—which by Spells—  
 By Incantations—Magic—awe his soul  
 And yoke it in felt bondage. Priestly craft,  
 With dark, intolerant, and Pagan Rites,  
 Confound his intellectual faculties,  
 Till the faint glimmering light Religion yields  
 Scarcely implants a moral sense of Wrong.

The child of impulse, he disdains control—



Void of all fear,—reckless alike of life,  
 Be it his own, or others—yet alive,  
 'To gentler feelings, when nor pride of Caste,  
 Nor Vengeance, nor Ambition, spur him on  
 To deeds of ruthless violence—the Asian still  
 Veils 'neath the treachery of a false repose  
 A live Volcano, ready to burst forth  
 In devastating torrents o'er a land  
 “Flowing with milk and honey.”

Britain's Rule

“Has scotched not kilt” his mood, and the far East  
 Is, as it ever was, despite the Sword  
 Of Moslem Tyrant, and a Pagan Faith,  
 A Land of Freedom still.

The Jungle wild,  
 Its wilder denizens, and wildest MAN,  
 Tinting their darkling shades with things more bright—  
 Bright scenes and brighter skies, and WOMAN brightest far,  
 Blend Poësy and Love, with Violence and War.



## Jungle Fever.



'T was night,  
 And solitude and sickness weighed me down,  
 And burning fever sped the hurried pulse ;  
 Restless with saddening thoughts and fancies drear,  
 I tossed me on my couch and longed for day.  
 And none were near to solace ; yet methought  
 There were—who loved me—would have left my home  
 And traversed land and sea to watch my bed—  
 To nurse me in that sickness—that lone night—  
 To bathe my burning forehead—cool my lip  
 Parched with hot fever—with caresses cheer  
 My sinking spirit.

A Wife's tenderness  
 Did this, in later days, when I was borne  
 Unconscious to my home !—Nerved to the task  
 She tended me with never-wearing care,

And so my almost ebbing life woo'd back  
 To health and strength—— \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* far, far away,  
 She knew not of my sickness !

Nor didst thou,

My gentle loving Mother !—Four score years  
 Have bleached thy locks, bowed thy once agile form ;  
 But thy warm heart is fresh as in young days,  
 And full to overflowing with kind thoughts  
 And kinder acts. With ready sympathy,  
 The joys of youth, the sorrows of the aged,  
 Thy heart unceasing shares. I fancied thee,  
 As in my suffering childhood, by my couch,  
 When opening life hung on a fine-spun thread——  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* hadst thou been near,  
 My aged Mother—thou, my gentle Wife,  
 Your soothing care had turned my pain to peace !—

Such were the thoughts that stole upon my heart,<sup>8</sup>  
 Wooing me to forgetfulness of pain,  
 Soothing my soul with shadows of the bliss  
 That I had known in anguish ; and I tossed  
 My burning limbs no more, fearful to scare

The sweet illusions from me. Thus I sunk  
 Into a spirit-calming conscious dream,  
 Lingering 'twixt sleep and waking—fancy-land—  
 Enticing mind and body to repose—  
 Beguiling with fresh memories of the past—  
 Clearly defined—then—unconnected—lost  
 In blendings of sweet feelings—till I slept.

### Delirium.

But suddenly these peaceful visions changed  
 To wild fantastic images which scared  
 My senses in delirium.

And lo!

A dread came o'er me, like a troubled sea  
 Rolling and tossing fiercely round my head  
 Pictures of fear and real imaginings,—  
 Like to a chaos of old thoughts and scenes,  
 Parts of so many lives lived long ago,  
 Confusing with them visions of to-day—  
 Inextricably mingled—yet distinct  
 Each from the other for one flitting glimpse—  
 Then—re-bewildered—threatening—half conceived—  
 Then wholly strange—pertaining to all time—  
 Yet crowded in a glance—then lost in mist.

Visions of Beings of no earthly mould  
 Uprose with forms uncouth—half human—still  
 Disorganized—deprived of beauty's form,  
 Which once belonged to them :—an inter-union  
 Of conscious life with attributes of death,  
 Terrific to behold.—

On—on, they came ;  
 Slow, but resistless ; with o'erwhelming dread—  
 Deep-sunken eyes, from bony sockets glared,  
 Malevolent glances on me. Grimly death  
 Had spread its terrors o'er those shadowy ghosts.  
 The mutilated forms—distorted limbs—  
 Half-hidden, shapeless trunks, those spectres bore,  
 Were draped in varied costumes of strange lands,  
 And each and every one in form or garb,  
 Awoke within my memory a scene  
 Of strife, or fear, or trouble of old days.

My powers o'er-wrought, scarce grappled with one shade,  
 Ere others on me rushed, and then I felt  
 Horror unutterable seize my soul.  
 Fiercely I strove to concentrate my mind  
 On the grim phantasm, till my glaring balls,  
 With anti-Protean spell, had power to fix  
 Those flitting Phantoms motionless ; and each  
 Assumed resemblance—shadowy—but true  
 To its original.

## The Dream.

Sudden methought,

As dreaming I've experienced of old,<sup>9</sup>  
 I fell—immeasurably down—through space,  
 As falls a shooting star. Lights reeled around  
 In frenzied brilliancy, with meteor gleams ;  
 Then came profoundest darkness without end :  
 So black, light could not enter. Whizzing sounds,  
 As of unnumbered worlds in endless course,  
 Spun in their whirling spirals round me, then—  
 I left all far behind—still—still—I fell.

## The Spell.

Recovering with a start, anon methought  
 I sat in a lone chamber of my home.

Ranged round me on the walls, in an array  
 Most ghastly to a prying stranger-eye,  
 Stands many a human relic gathered

From every land. Objects for deep research  
To those whom science lures to seek from death  
The mysteries of life.

There modelled lies  
Each Organ atomized—each tells “that man  
“Is fearfully and wonderfully made.”  
The mystic mechanism of the HEART,  
Which rules the ever-circling tide of life :—  
The ever watchful EYE, that in one point  
Collects the pictured scene of boundless space :—  
The listening EAR, through which invisibly  
Each passing sound speaks to the mind within :—  
The organ of the VOICE, that modulates  
The Bulbul’s tenderest notes, or War’s fierce yell—  
Vieing in glorious Wisdom of Design,  
Lie open to the gaze.

There I had traced  
With fictile hand, the “Mazes of the BRAIN,  
Where Thought lies hid in many a tangled chain.”

For ’twas my aim, by culling from each Race,  
A Link of that great Chain which joins in one  
The Universal Brotherhood of Man,  
To prove for all a Common Parentage.

’Twas with this view, I sought from many lands  
A Skull of each Distinctive Family  
Sprung from the varied types of Noah’s Descent :

And thus in furtherance of this wide design,  
 My moulding hands shaped in resemblance true  
 A *corresponding* BRAIN to that the Skull  
 Enshrined when living—the material seat  
 Of human Intellect.

Little I deemed  
 Thus to become a second Frankenstein !

Methought I was again in that lone room—

Forth from their place, those grizzly Human Skulls,  
 Joined to the Bodies they had owned in Life,  
 Came hovering round me. Each cleft head exposed  
 A Brain—no more the moulding of *my* hands,  
 But the *real seat* of Human Thought—and bared  
 Its secret history to my wondering eyes ;  
 And *there* I read the thoughts of a long life,  
 Spun out in fine complexity, and stamp'd  
 For ever in the Mysteries of the Brain.

These tales, too long to be recorded here,  
 Are graven on my mind, and I am bound  
 By the SPELL fixed on me that dreadful night,  
 The secrets then reveal-ed to divulge,  
 Ere I shake off this “ mortal coil ;” and then  
 The Casket of *my* Thoughts must take *its place*  
 Amid that grizzly row, to be perused



By him who can attain the Mystic Art  
Discovered by myself, but *not to be* bequeathed.

Each Spectral Shade came with a power to force,  
From my reluctant lips, the dread account  
Of its last hours on earth ; and why the Head,  
Severed for aye from the dishonored Trunk  
By Necromantic Art, was doomed to bide  
The last Trump's summons in that MYSTIC HALL.



## Zairah.

What horror meets my sight !

A shapeless wretch,  
With wrenched and broken limbs tossed to and fro  
As floating on the wave, seems beckoning  
For aid.

The mutilated face, impressed  
With agony, gives to those sightless caves,  
From whence the eyes are scooped—perchance burnt out—  
A glare of fiendish import. Crime—despair—  
And bitter anguish unassuaged by time—  
Stamp on the spectre—ISHMAEL—that look  
He dying bore on Tellicherry's strand.

Thou demon Map'lla !—When that hapless girl  
The gentle ZAIRAH, in the dusky eve,  
Tript lightly to the measure of her song

Along the wooded margin of the bay,  
 Bearing a vase of water from the stream  
 That rippled by her father's cottage home,—  
 There, lurking for thy prey, thou lay'st concealed,  
 Bent on premeditated crime. What fiend  
 Possess'd thy soul, to murder ruthlessly,  
 For a few golden bangles, her who saved  
 Thy miserable life, imperilled by  
 The hooded viper's bite?

Upon the sands  
 Thou dash't the struggling child. To still her cries....  
 Seizing her neck in thy malignant grasp.....  
 Strangled thy victim lay.....one choking sob  
 Her warm young life extinguished. Ere she knew  
 The horrors of her fate, that heart of joy  
 Throbb'd forth its life, and died!

Then all too late,  
 Though instant, came remorse and trembling fears.  
 Quaking with guilty horror, thou didst hide  
 The rifled flower beneath the dank sea-weed,  
 Heaped by the wave upon the sandy shore  
 That skirts her father's garden, in the hope  
 That the then rising tide might sweep away  
 The victim of thy crime ere morning's dawn,  
 And leave no clue to trace thy villany.

Scarce had the deed been perpetrated, ere

The old man's fishing-boat glanced on the shore.  
 His two sons tugged amain to land it high  
 Beyond the tidal line—with finny prey  
 Deep laden ;—toil beyond their strength. They see,  
 Skulking beneath the palms, thy recreant form,  
 And hail thee to lend help ; but fear prevailed  
 And sped thy flight.—

In vain—in vain thy speed ;

The Avenger hovered o'er thy dark'ning track !

Curses the brothers heaped upon thy head ;  
 For when was Map'lla ever known to aid  
 His fellow in distress. Had they then deemed .....!  
 But crimes like thine entail a swift revenge !

With cheering shout they call to Zairah,  
 Their gentle sister, ever first to meet  
 The home-bound skiff at eventide, and share  
 The daily toil, prepare the scaly fish,  
 Bear the wet nets, or spread them out to dry.

But Zairah comes not ; (yet how near she lies !)  
 No joyous voice, responsive to their shout,  
 Welcomes that fisher's skiff ; her chilling heart  
 Beats nor with pleasure, nor with anguish now.  
 Those laughing eyes with glee no more will greet,

After the labours of the day are o'er,  
 The aged parent or his manly sons ;  
 Zairah will watch no more their wont return :—  
 Quenched is the light of their now blasted home !

Again the brothers hail. An aged dame  
 Creeps slowly to the beach, and wonders where  
 Her child has strayed.—“Some neighbour’s cottage nigh  
 No doubt detains her.”—Dread of danger ne’er,  
 In the seclusion of that peaceful bay,  
 Crossed the most anxious heart.

The old man bowed  
 Beneath a load of nets, climbed slowly up  
 The sloping beach, and stumbling o’er a heap  
 Of sea-weed, staggering fell——

His right hand pressed  
 The unveiled bosom of his murdered child,  
 Still warm with life !

A sharp cry, half suppressed,  
 Scarce warned his fellow-laborers ; but they come,  
 And, fixed like him with horror, stand around  
 In motionless agony.—No word—no cry—  
 Reveals the dread convulsion of their hearts.—

The younger lad o’er his loved sister kneels,  
 And draws the weeds aside ; then quickly casts  
 His fisher’s coat o’er the disfigured form,

And shrouds his eyes.

“ 'Tis Ishmael's deed ! ”

The elder muttered 'twixt his clenched teeth.—

Rage, vengeance, horror overawed all grief—

In dry-eyed silence, rallying from the shock,  
They bare what once was Zairah to her home.—

Darkness and silence cast their mantles o'er  
The mysteries of that night ; but midst the gloom  
There broods an ominous menace of revenge.—  
'Neath the deep shadows glide with stealthy step,  
Figures of stalwart men, wrapped in their cloaks,  
Who softly enter the old fisher's hut,  
Then moody stalk away. What do they there ?  
What mean those looks resolved ?

Ere morning's beam

Had chased the shades of night, a youthful band  
Of veiled maidens came, and sobbing bore  
Poor Zairah's bier.

In a retired nook,

O' the sea-girt garden, where the setting sun  
Smiles daily on her grave, they laid her down  
In death's calm sleep.—Alike unconscious now  
Of her own wrongs, as of the penalty

They will exact from him who wrought her woe.  
 His dying throes had won a pitying prayer  
 From that forgiving spirit, now at peace !  
 After her brief-lived span of joy, she lies  
 Like a fair rose-bud opening in the morn,  
 Swept ruthless down—a withered flower ere night.

The conscious tide, retiring from the shore,  
 Has with deluding wave washed o'er each trace  
 Of last night's tragedy ; and smoothed anew  
 The sandy tablet, like a fresh-swept stage  
 Where other actors may engrave their deeds,  
 Again to be erased.—Are they forgot ?  
 Their record is with Heaven !

Night has fled,

And every stain of that dark tragedy—  
 And Nature smiles in peace.—Will *they* forgive ?

Bright rose the sun, as Indian suns do rise,  
 In one broad blaze of glory, turning night—  
 With scarce a dawn—to day.

The fisher's boat

Shot from the shore across the tiny bay  
 That mirrors softly clumps of cocoa palms,  
 Rich with their clustering fruits and pendant leaves—  
 Some growing in, some growing o'er the waves ;—



And all things sparkled brightly beautiful,  
As crime and grief their blight had never shown.

The fisher's boat shot smoothly o'er the bay  
Threading the narrow outlet ; but the bark  
Scarce reached the ocean-wave of the wide sea,  
When the rough swell with foaming breakers dash  
Her prow from the old course.

“ Why helmsman steer

“ Along the shore ?—nor seek the deeper sea,

“ Where yester-eve thy nets entrapt their prey ?”

Slowly the little bark toils on its way  
Deep laden. In her midships a piled mass  
Of nets and household goods are heaped high ;—  
Crouching beside, a female figure bends  
In grief, or age.—

Smaller and smaller looms  
The white sail in the distance.—It is gone,—  
And who knows why, or where ?

The third day dawns,—

Still the old fisher's hut deserted lies.  
None question why.—No sacrilegious hand  
Profanes that midnight grave. Each morning sees  
Fresh flowerets on the turf. No foot intrudes  
Within the garden where poor Zairah sleeps.

Thrice the declining sun has sadly smiled  
Upon the flower-clad turf ; its setting rays  
Glancing beneath the foliage (welcome screen  
From midday's parching heat), now warmly gild  
The cocoa's time-bleached stems ; sweet evening sounds  
Fall midst the stillness softly on the ear.—  
No breath of air shivers the listless leaf  
Drooping from yonder palm, whose taper point  
Kisses the water into dimpled smiles—  
Spreading in circlets round—before it rests  
Bathed 'neath the placid surface.—On the shore  
No tiny ripple, plashing, moulds the sand  
To forms of mimic waves.—No drowsy swell,  
With languid undulation, stealing o'er  
The mirror-polish of the bay distorts  
The pictured-scene reflected on the face  
Of the dark sleeping water.—One bright sheet  
Of fervid gold fires the expanse of sea,  
Where to the Western horizon the bay  
Opens its sheltering arms—themselves enshrined  
In a soft haze of glory.     Far o'erhead,  
The fleck-ed sky spreads like a ruffled sea  
With undulating ripples, tinted o'er,  
And mottled by rich ever-varying hues ;  
As if a shoal of dying Dolphins lay  
Stranded on ocean-sands of evening clouds

Stretched in perspective far, to where the sun  
 Goes plunging down in its blue ocean-bath,  
 Turning the waters to a molten glow  
 Ere they can quench its orb of tropic fire.

Three days have passed since that foul deed was done,  
 And silence and forgetfulness appear  
 T' have settled o'er the spot.

Night closes in—

The sky has spread its sparkling ceiling o'er  
 The earth in one rich gem-lit canopy  
 Of deep ethereal blue. So pure—so clear  
 Sleeps in serenity the far expanse  
 Thro' which those glittering orbs pursue their flight  
 For aye and ever in immensity—  
 The soul expanding grasps the mighty truth,  
 “No limit to that blue is possible  
 To check their far career.” With time began  
 Their time-recording flight—with time alone  
 Will end their destined course.

Night has closed in.—

High sails the Moon in heaven, her mild beams  
 Soften the solitude of Indian night  
 With dear companionship. Emblem of Truth,  
 Aye circling round with never-wearying love,  
 Her Lord—the Earth—to cheer in darksome hour

His presence with her light; and brightly 'neath  
 The chastening lustre of her borrowed beams  
 His sombre brow of shade relaxing smiles.—

So the fair love of woman brightest shines  
 On man, her lord, when the pure borrowed light  
 Reflected from religion in her life,  
 And gentle 'haviour, cheers his darkened soul  
 In trouble's shadowy hour.—'Tis then the world  
 Neglectful pass him by, intent alone  
 On their own selfish purpose. So yon stars  
 In their calm diamond brightness seem to hold  
 No sympathy with Earth. In cold disdain  
 They glide their selfish course, with purpose known  
 Alone to Him who fixed their destiny.

And sleep has settled o'er the land—No sound—  
 Save those unearthly cries that fright night's ear  
 In India's jungly wilds—breaks the repose  
 Of the soft tropic midnight hovering o'er  
 The tranquil margin of the palm-clad bay.

Two British officers, benighted, ride  
 With caution on the treacherous quicksand shore,  
 Then sudden stop and listen.—

“Is 't the moan

“Of human sufferers, or the sighing wind

“ Among the cocoa’s long and taper leaves ?”

“ No ! ’tis a human voice, and seems to rise

“ From yonder shapeless heap—beyond the stream.”

“ But who dares venture by a light like this

“ Across that rapid current ?—Quicksands bound

“ This dangerous water.”

“ List !—it moans again.”

“ See ! some one leaves the wood to offer aid.”

“ No ! ’tis a jackal—hark to his fell tongue,

“ ‘ Like a flogged hound.’ ”

“ And hundreds answering

“ With an inherent instinct, catch the cry

“ From every dell and dingle far and near.

“ The pack’s upon the scent—I would not give

“ Five minutes’ purchase for the wretch’s life.”

Some two score jackals sweep across the sands ;

The foremost has already seized his prey—

Another—and another—

“ Oh ! those shrieks !”

A generous impulse urged the riders on,

But quickly to the girths, their plunging steeds

Sink in the treacherous sands.

“ One chance remains !”

A rifle from the speaker's shoulder hung,  
And quick as thought he turned the well-aimed tube  
Where thickest sped the pack,—nor all in vain.  
One tumbled headlong, and another raised  
A howl of pain. The famished curs are scared,  
And all start back from their expected prey ;  
But quick return, and, creeping one by one,  
They, that have tasted blood still warm with life,  
Will not resign their feast.

“ That thrilling yell  
“ Tells that again their fangs are in his flesh.”

The other barrel, with a like success,  
Followed by shouts, drive back the savage brutes.

“ Ride, Elwyn, by the stream, and cross the ford  
“ Near the white rock, that hangs athwart the road ;  
“ 'Tis three miles up, and I'll stay here the while,  
“ And load—and fire—and shout.”

“ But he must be  
“ Half eaten by this time.”

“ No ! no !—he—moves—  
“ Or—is't—a gleam of light ? How Elwyn rides ;  
“ 'Tis a brave horseman for a midnight raid

" Of life and death !—There, hang-dogs ! will you dare  
 " Again my deadly tube ?—Skulk, vermin, back !—  
 " Yes, there is life in him !—I hear his moans ;—  
 " But 'tis not he that moves.—No ! 'tis the tide  
 " That glimmers like a kerchief round his head.—  
 " Swift, Elwyn ! ply your spurs ! or the salt sea  
 " Will finish ere you come the jackal's work.—  
 " Ah ! now he sees his danger.—Heaven ! those shrieks  
 " Have scared the very jackal from the shore.—  
 " How quick the tide runs in !—I see him now  
 " Outlined more clearly by the rising sea—  
 " That wave went over him !—Now his head is up—  
 " Quick, Elwyn !—quick !—There are the clattering hoofs—  
 " Thank God !—in time to save him.—No ! the head  
 " Sinks down !—Its up again !—On, Elwyn, quick !—  
 " Drive home your spurs !—but hark ! that bubbling cry—  
 " He's down !—he's gone !—Elwyn, you come too late !"<sup>10</sup>

The waters had closed o'er that luckless wight,  
 And left no trace behind.

The gallant friends  
 Rode on their way in silence. There had been  
 A cord within their hearts too keenly strained  
 For converse to relieve. All was so dread—  
 The victim's helplessness on that lone shore,

His agony prolonged, by hope deferred,  
 A prey whilst living to the jackal's fang,  
 And hardly saved from that death, ere the wave  
 Killed him by inches. Help so close at hand,  
 Adding new pangs to death. Those shrieks that rang  
 So madly through the night air, as to fright  
 The wild dogs of the forest. All combined,  
 Pictured an agony so real—so dread—  
 That pity turned to horror.

On parade,  
 At the first break of day, the midnight's tale  
 Spread a wild interest. Soon a group of youths,  
 Bent on a visit to the spot, where late  
 The tragic scene occurred, swept fleetly o'er  
 The Tellicherry sands. An hour's swift ride  
 Gained the secluded spot.

How changed the scene  
 Appeared by day!—Decked out with morning tints,  
 In soft serenity and cheerfulness,  
 Fringed by the wave, clusters of gardens lay  
 Basking in tranquil sunshine 'midst the trees  
 Scattered around; and each enclosed the home  
 Of a large Nair-neh family.<sup>11</sup>

“Is 't not strange  
 “That no one heard those piercing cries for help



“ In the still midnight !”

Distant from the scene  
Of last night's tragedy, near the bay's mouth,  
Left by the ebbing tide a corpse was cast,  
Fearfully mangled. To the scalp was sewn  
A Map'lla's Arab cap.—Nailed to a tree  
A palm leaf,—the papyrus of the East—  
Traced by no common hand in Gentoo tongue,  
Recorded Zairah's wrongs and Ishmael's crimes.

Vague rumour whispered—three long days and nights  
Had witness-ed his tortures lingering on,  
Whilst th' ebbing strength of the doomed sufferer,  
Restored at times with stimulating drugs,  
Was watched with jealous care, lest death too soon  
Should snatch the writhing victim from their hate,  
Before his cup of misery was full.

“ But oh ! refinement of all cruelty !—  
“ The mental anguish of his later hours,—  
“ To leave the still-live Ishmael on the shore,  
“ Close to the haunted site of his fell crimes,  
“ In utter helplessness—a conscious prey  
“ To the less savage beast and drowning wave !”

So felt young hearts, in ready sympathy,  
Replete with generous feeling for the woes

Which meet the eye.

But, did *they* penetrate  
Beneath the surface?—

No!—

Must I reveal  
The thoughts that scared to frenzy his seared brain  
In those last hours of anguish?—Bound by spells  
Which force the horrid secret from my tongue—  
Lo! I unveil the visions that assailed  
The dying Ishmael!

The cruelties  
Refined, which roused such pity for a wretch  
So utterly vile as Ishmael, were nought  
Compared with what his spirit underwent  
As he lay lone, deserted on the shore;  
For when the parting footsteps of those men—  
(Who, with inventive malice, proved how far  
Each nerve could suffer—keenly sensitive,  
Ere it became obtuse to agony)—  
When their retiring footsteps caught his ear,  
With the intensest agony of prayer,  
He did beseech them not to leave him there  
In utter darkness—palpable to him—  
A solitary desolation—cast  
Away from God—from man—from hope—from life—  
The prey of fiends—the vengeance of the dead,

That haunt the miscreant in his dying hour.

“ Oh ! leave me not,” he cried ; “ torment me still  
 “ With tortures more acute—just spare my life !—  
 “ But do not leave me *here*, and I will bless  
 “ Your clemency.”

“ Spawn of the Arab dogs,  
 “ Impure of birth for thirty centuries—  
 “ ‘ Thy blessing !’—’Twere a curse e’en to the Jew,  
 “ Whose sordid love of gold thy fathers sent  
 “ To blast our coast with their polluted race !—  
 “ No !—There is yet a hell for thee on earth,  
 “ Prelude to pangs eternal ! ‘Neath yon palm,  
 “ Whose shadow shrouds thee from the rising moon,  
 “ (Unseen by thy gouged eyeballs), Zairah lies—  
 “ Her body in the grave ;—her vengeful ghost,  
 “ But half appeased by us, now claims its right  
 “ With superstitious fears to scare thy *soul*.—  
 “ Assembling in the air—hear Monkir’s<sup>12</sup> train  
 “ Awaiting but our absence to begin  
 “ What *we* cannot inflict—the torturing pangs  
 “ Of ever gnawing conscience.—Hark ! they come !”—

Unearthly yells in bitter mockery  
 (Mixed with his shrieks) rose from the forest’s gloom,  
 Spreading along the shore, and Ishmael deemed

Filled earth and air.

A woman's wailing voice—  
Which evermore must ring within his ears—  
In supplicating accents, pleads for pity.  
Then come the brothers' shout—the flight—pursuit—  
Capture—and fear—the tortures' agonies—  
And wheresoe'er he turns, he sees the eyes  
Of strangled Zairah starting from their beds,  
And glaring in convulsion—fix on him.

Then gnaws Remorse—remembrance all too late  
Of her bright beauty, modest innocence,  
As on the day when first he heard her voice  
In tones of pity for his sufferings,  
When the fanged Cobra bit him, and she poured  
The healing yeckna on the wound, and saved  
His miserable life.

Thus coals of fire  
Heaped on his guilty conscience, seared his soul.  
Anon the waves of hell—now murmuring far—  
Now nearer,—till they form a lurid glare  
Of background to the horrors of his mind.—  
On they came roaring—like to molten lead  
Seething around him—scalding his torn limbs—  
Slow mounting o'er his chest; up—up—they climb—  
The molten flood sweeps fiercely o'er his brow.  
One desperate effort more—he dashed his head

Forth from th' o'erwhelming lava—the sockets void,  
 Boil o'er with fluid fire, lighting his *brain*  
 To redness ; and he sees deep graven there  
 Each thought and crime of his most evil life,  
 And knows it stamp'd for ever.

Thence I draw  
 The knowledge I impart.—My mind revolts  
 From the dread picture——

Terribly it proves  
 That conscience, steeped in unrepented crime,  
 Perverts the faculties, and shrouds the truth—  
 Adding fresh horrors to the dying hour—  
 By the distempered workings of the *brain*.

Yet was the vengeance merited and just !

By whose relentless hands the agonies  
 Of torture were inflicted ne'er was told ;  
 But dark suspicion fell on those that stood  
 Round Zairah's corpse in that old fisher's hut—  
 Self-bound by oaths, a Nair-neh never breaks,  
 T' avenge the dishonored daughter of their caste.

Poor hapless Zairah !    Deep-felt sympathy  
 Saddened each brow, when rumour shuddering breathed  
 The horrors of her death ; and far around

Rose loud the voice of wailing. Tearful eyes,  
 And sorrowing voices evidenced the love  
 Her simple neighbours bore their favorite child.  
 All fondly praised the winning gentleness  
 Of one, whose beauty, or in form or face,  
 Was but a surface charm that lighted up  
 A purer gentler nature. Long they mourned  
 Their joyous-hearted Indian fisher-girl !

Long years have rolled away since Zairah died,  
 And since I stood beside her grave, and laid  
 A string of sea-born shells upon the turf  
 That sheltered her. Many such simple gifts  
 Lay scattered round—by others left—to tell  
 Their sympathy and sorrow.<sup>13</sup>————

**B**loody and fierce the Map'lla race has been,  
 And hated by their peaceful brethren, since  
 Their fathers came from the Arabian Gulf—  
 Or (as tradition tells) the "Coral Sea"—  
 In Hiram's fleet, for gold and jewels (rare,  
 Except in Ind !) to deck the gorgeous Fane,  
 Raised by the necromantic Suliman,  
 In honor of the Israelites' Lord of Hosts.  
 Was it from here that Hiram's navy brought

Bright gold of Ophir, and the almug tree,  
Once in *three* years? Were their chiefs so delayed,  
Lured by the beauteous daughters of this land?

Peninsula of Ind!—bright sunny South!  
Did Sheba's queen reign o'er thee in old days,  
When from the "Ends of Earth" she came to hear  
The wisdom of King Solomon; and gave  
To him who sat upon the Lion-throne,  
Rich stores of spices, ivory, gems and gold,  
And apes, and peacocks?

Or did Tharshish' fleet,  
'Neath Hiram's high command, skirt Afric's Cape,  
To seek such marvels on more distant shores,  
Lashed by the broad Atlantic, when your wilds  
Teemed with abundance of the wealth they prized?—

But let that pass.—

The Arab Fathers sought  
To render their alliance with the land  
More lasting—a land o'erflowing then, as now,  
With products rare, e'en on an Eastern soil.

The Arab Fathers wooed the black-eyed girls  
Of sunny Malabar, and sware an oath  
Unto their brethren, ne'er to bear away  
Their sisters, or their offspring, in their ships;  
But that each mother should her children own

As her own heritage, with lands and goods ;—  
 Their free hearts scorning that a child of theirs  
 Should be a slave in Suliman's serail.

That contract stood for ages, and the sons  
 Of those old Arabs, even to this day,  
 Possess nor lands nor homes. Each woman claims  
 Her birthright, and receives to her embrace  
 The husband of her choice—changing at will ;  
 Nor jealousy gainsays the prescriptive right  
 Maintained for thirty ages ; and thus sprung  
 The Map'lla name—" Ma-pilla"—" Mother's Child."



" Ishmael—arch-fiend—avaunt !"

The phantom shade

Shrinks to thin air.

A distant sound  
 As of the ocean, mixed with sea-birds' shrieks—  
 The yells of wolves—and cries of bitterest woe—  
 Passed floating down the night wind.—



## Linkah.



That veiled form  
 Glides Fairy-like before me ?—Deep rich eyes,  
 Beaming with bright intelligence, glance through  
 The close folds of the Ysh-mak ; and the neck  
 Compares with, Saadi's simile, the swan's  
 For flexile grace ; though here, the *swan-white* throat  
 Of Western maid, yields to a shade of brown  
 So clear, so brilliant, that the brunette tint  
 Of the proud Eastern might have gained the prize  
 From Trojan Paris !

LINKAH, is it thou ?—

Back, at that name, is cast the flowing veil ;—  
 An angel-face, radiant with early youth,  
 Smiles on me sadly.—

Ah ! how camest thou,  
 My high-souled Linkah, with this horrid crew ?

More meet in Moslem's Paradise to dwell  
 A green-robed Hourî ! (adding a fresh charm  
 To every shady grove), and win a smile  
 From Mah'mets self ! But, no ! thy soul on earth  
 Was all too bright, too pure, in thought and act  
 For Mahomet's Elysium ; and freed  
 From the faint stains of thy existence here,  
 Thy gentle spirit and thy loving heart  
 Would well beseem pure robes of heavenly white—  
 A sister meet for Angels' Paradise.

Stay ! stay ! Oh ! never rend those glossy locks,  
 Brighter and darker than the raven's plumes !

Ah ! is it thus ! and must I from the *brain*  
 Acquire thy living history from the hour  
 I saw thee last on swift Toombodrah's strand ?

Far sooner would I hear that silvery voice  
 Chant to thy Burman Lyre in sweetest song—  
 As in days past I *have* heard—the wild tale  
 Of thy young life !

Those Memories roll the tears  
 Like pearl-drops down thy cheek ! Short was thy grief—  
 The only grief that e'er assailed thy heart,  
 All sunshine else till one great sorrow came,  
 And cast its gloom on life's impassioned stream,  
 Eclipsing light that ne'er will shine again.

Ne'er did the gallant son of Erin wrong  
 By word unkind—by semblance of neglect,  
 No!—nor by passing shadow of a thought  
 His high-souled Linkah! His arm guarded thee,  
 Where his sword won thee, midst the cannons' roar,  
 At Rangoon's fiery siege, from worse than death.

A prey to brutal soldiers,—thy stretched arms  
 Appealed to him in agony for aid,  
 Amidst the din, when voice could not be heard.  
 Seizing the man who held thee with a grasp,  
 Strong as a giant's—in the other hand  
 He raised a massive shield of burnished gold—<sup>14</sup>  
 A glittering trophy—wrench-ed from the arm  
 Of Soombagee, who by his falchion fell—  
 This prize he proffered for the trembling girl.

The soldier paused, with hesitating greed,  
 Tempted by each—'twas no time for debate—  
 As in that Irish eye he saw a flash  
 As terrible to foe, as dear to friend.—

Borne to his tent in safety,—the next morn  
 He sought an interview. A faithful slave  
 Had found your place of refuge, and supplied,  
 (Saved from the plunder of your recent home)  
 A brilliant wardrobe,—and the dazzled eyes  
 Of your deliverer sees—a Princess

In beauty and in bearing.

He had come  
To offer freedom to the captive maid,  
For though his falcon-glance at her was brief  
The yester-night, yet did he rightly deem  
Her dress—her eye bespoke high lineage;  
And his chivalrous spirit scorned to take  
Advantage of the chance which war had placed  
Now in his power. With manly courtesy  
He tendered FREEDOM.

Linkah *willed* to stay !

Brief is an Eastern love tale. She had found  
*Her* freedom, in escape from those to whom  
She owed a mother's death, a sire's disgrace,  
And for herself no other boon than life.  
And had she wished return, her recent home  
Was but a pillaged heap of smouldering ruins,  
Half quenched with the defenders' dying blood.  
Linkah ! what change for thee !—*Freedom* and *Love* !

Thro' all that army's ranks, 'twere vain to seek  
A nobler mind, a more heroic heart,  
A truer man, in bearing and in form,  
Than him who saved thee !

With due Burman Rites,  
A priest of Buddha blest thee as a Bride.

Months passed away, and Patrick had returned  
Severely wounded from the Burman war,  
And sought on the blue Neilgherry Hills  
Repose and health.

Returning from the chace,  
Late on a chilly evening, I o'ertook,—  
Climbing the last Pass to the Table-land,—  
A man of giant frame and noble mien,  
Whose feeble step bespoke him ill at ease.

A boyish native tended him with strength  
That seemed unequal to the heavy task.  
Spurring my steed, I quickly reached his side :  
Sickness had paled a brow o'er which a wound,  
Scarce healed, was deeply gashed. A greeting brief  
In soldier-fashion, and he frankly took  
My proffer'd horse.

Whilst walking by his side,  
I asked his Quarters for the night.

“ My tents ”

(He said) “ and luggage are behind, far off,  
“ By some days' march. I, and my youthful Page,  
“ In palanquins have hastened on our way,  
“ For I perceived my strength was failing fast  
“ In the low jungly plains. Slow up the steep  
“ Our Bearers toil-ed in the heat of day.  
“ An hour ago, refreshed by the light airs

" Of these cool heights, I slowly sauntered on,  
 " And overtaxed my strength. See! round the cliff  
 " My bearers come in sight. Two palanquins  
 " Are our equipment, with provisions for  
 " Another night."

A Palkee for that *lad* !

That sounded strange! One hasty glance I turned  
 On his companion and divined the sex.  
 Save the light turban, the costume bespoke  
 A Burmese boy or girl—so like the garb;—  
 I guessed the *latter*.

" Lucky that we met,"

(I cheering cried) " For other home than mine  
 " Is still some miles before you. Night 's at hand,  
 " And the road perilous.—By chance I'm rich  
 " In dwellings—an old hut and a new tent!  
 " Yours is the tent; and I can spread our board  
 " With forest fare; nor is the cellar low;  
 " And if a Leech you need, some skill is mine.  
 " Besides, the air up here will suit you more  
 " Than Ootcamundi's Vale, down in the swamp;  
 " And ere your tents arrive, those limbs shall gain  
 " The giant strength they've lost."

He warmly grasped

My hand—" Well! be it so." He glanced aside—  
 " That ' Marmion' Page must also be your guest."

"With all my heart," I smilingly replied.  
Yet the request surprised me; for, in Ind,  
Following the native custom, Indian girls  
Attached to English, or to Moslem Lords,  
Are never seen or noticed.

But that night  
An Eastern Princess, dressed in Orient robes,  
Honored our banquet. Ere the meal was o'er,  
Her merry laugh, quick wit, and joyous mood,  
Made her the life and spirit of the feast.

Her native songs, linked with the harmony  
Of her four-stringed guitar, prolonged the hours  
Of that most strange and fascinating night.

Fain would I strive a feeble sketch to trace  
Of that impersonated loveliness;  
But words seem powerless, yet will I try.—

The light draped Sari negligently cast  
Around the classic contour of her form,  
Gave to the figure a bewitching touch  
Of oriental dignity and grace.  
Scarce resting on the long and swan-like neck,  
Of which each turn was singularly light,  
The head, a marvel in itself, so small

And exquisitely formed—looking command  
 Tempered with gentleness—was veiled by hair  
 More black than jet, and fine as slender thread  
 Of tiny gossamer.

Two wavy braids  
 Crossed the high open forehead, and concealed  
 The tips of the small ears, sparkling with gems,  
 Then gathered back over the shoulders, fell  
 In locks of clustering tresses, and revealed  
 A face of faultless oval, tinted to  
 A light clear Spanish olive, lit by eyes  
 Of rich warm brown, now piercing, now subdued  
 To winning softness, over-arched by brows  
 So finely curved, that they seemed pencilled-in ;  
 And when the drooping lids a moment veiled  
 Those sparkling diamonds, the long lashes cast  
 Their shadow o'er the cheek, deepening the bloom  
 Of their rich velvet-down, like a ripe peach  
 Ne'er touched by man's profaning lip. The nose  
 Perfectly chiselled, delicate and small ;  
 Nostrils expanded slightly, like a Barb's,  
 With ardent aspirations of a high  
 Impassioned temperament.

The fitting smile  
 Revealed the snowy teeth. The parting lips  
 Expressed the thought already in the eye,



Before the silver music of the voice  
 Had sounded one sweet note of melody.  
 And in each act, each feature, Linkah bore—  
 Stamp of high sentiment—reflex of her heart—  
 The frank confiding look of innocence.

In Patrick from that night I gained a friend  
 I never lost till death. His health and strength  
 Restored, in ten short days we ranged the glens  
 Rifle in hand; and many a noble head  
 Of antler-fronted Elk and Bison there  
 Became our spoil. Each giant forest tree  
 Around our tents was with our trophies decked—  
 Each Trophy coupled with a Hunter's Tale.

And Linkah ever by his side was seen  
 In forest-glade, or scaling mountain-peak,  
 Dressed in her free-limbed Burman robe of silk.  
 Oft when my rifle-ball struck down a stag,  
 Bounding she'd come o'er rocks—down beetling crags—  
 Like to a thing of air with joyous whoop,  
 Full of delight. Her small foot scarcely seemed  
 To touch at each light spring the elastic ground,  
 Or graze the tender-foliaged mountain flowers,  
 Which tinged the air with perfumes.

Blithely passed

Those glorious hours, my friends! It was a life

I dreamed in earliest school-days—Crusoe's Isle,  
 Without its ocean-barrier from man's haunts,  
 But all its freedom—wildness—solitude.  
 And then those glorious evenings, idly spent  
 On the broad grassy platform, near our tents,  
 Which grasped in one wide sweep the boundless plains,  
 Extended in blue-distance at our feet,  
 Till lost in a far horizon of haze.

The thread of conversation often dropt  
 In more expressive silence. The repose  
 In all things round us, added to the zest  
 Of a luxurious indolence, gently soothed  
 By the Hookah's bubbling sound. Repose well earned  
 In the exertions of the morning's chase.

But often more alert, we sauntered round  
 The Rhododendron wood, down in the Vale—  
 A gun in hand, in readiness to greet  
 The skimming Woodcock in its evening flight  
 Around the border of its flowery home.<sup>15</sup>

At times we climbed the pinnacle above,  
 And feasted on the Panoramic view,  
 Far stretched o'er Wynaad's Forest-waste of Teak,  
 Waiting th' appearance of the fresh Sea-breeze,  
 Loaded with moisture from the sultry plains  
 Of palm-clad Cannanore ; then marked it scale,

(Like to th' invading columns of a foe  
 Piercing the frontiers of a peaceful land,)  
 The tortuous passes, and the steep defiles,  
 Invisible till then, amidst the cliffs  
 And forest-clothing of the Western Ghauts.

At first the eye might trace the coming breeze  
 As a thin shroud of vapours, or long streaks  
 Of light blue smoke, creeping along the vales,  
 And breaking up the sombre mass of woods  
 By neutral tints of distance. Suddenly,  
 Chilled in those higher altitudes, the damp  
 Suspended in the breeze, condensing, turned  
 To curdling wreaths of mist. And soon each glen  
 Poured forth its cloudy volume. Rolling o'er  
 The trackless wilds of endless jungly vales  
 Each column traced its serpentine track  
 Distinct, and filled the hollows in its course,  
 Here like a River—there a spreading Lake,—  
 Leaving the loftier Forest-crowned Heights  
 In clear transparency. On slow they rolled,  
 Some blending, others crossing, and again  
 Diverging into streamlets, till they formed  
 A tangled net of whiteness.

One still eve,  
 Beguiled by converse, and the witching scene,  
 We watched till midnight, when the spreading mist

Shrouded the entire forest with its veil.

Slowly it rose along the mountain sides  
In one dead level, skirting here and there  
The higher peaks, and woody hillock-tops,  
As with a rising Deluge.

The full moon,  
Till then concealed by clouds, shone forth unveiled,  
Shedding a flood of light upon a scene  
Of magic beauty—marvellously fair.  
A thousand islets of fantastic shapes,  
Scattered in groups, or solitary, lay  
Floating upon a sea of whitest milk.  
So clear the air above that Ocean-plain,  
Each Islet's fringe of wood stood clearly forth,  
Picked out with delicate breadths of deepest shade  
In well-defined relief. The details seemed  
Minutely etched, as on the pictured plate  
Graven on glass by Photographic ray.

'Tis strange! but there are "Memories" of that time,  
So much a part of my existence now  
That, without effort to recall them—scenes,  
Clear as a vision, pass before my eye,  
And I can live them o'er again.

When last  
Upon the summit of an Alpine Pass,

I stood alone at midnight—gazing on  
 The plains of fair Italia—partly veiled'  
 In mists—sudden, in full magnificence,  
 The moon burst forth ! Without a thought of Ind,  
 There came again that milky ocean, and  
 Again I heard the words we spoke that night,  
 When looking down upon the Isle-strewn sea  
 From Neilgherry's Peak—now eight-and-twenty years !  
 And by my side those loved companions stood,  
 Noble and beautiful as then.

It seemed

A dream—but, I was waking.—A cold chill  
 Crept o'er me.—

'Tis methinks a World of Dreams !

So deep th' impressions that the brain receives,  
 Retains, and re-constructs. Imagination thus  
 Sports with the senses, and makes men become  
 Sceptic, or credulous, as temper rules.

But vision and reality are gone ;  
 And I, though loth, must bid a sad adieu  
 To the " Blue Hills" of India, with their Wilds—  
 Their Sports—their Scenes—and renovating air ;  
 And still more loth to Patrick and his Bride.  
 Months had rolled on—we parted—but to meet  
 Often again.

And last at HUMPER's Mounds,  
 The Beijenugger of the Hindu Race,<sup>16</sup>  
 When forced from Delhi's Shrines by Moslem swords,  
 The last Mah' Rajah of th' old dynasty  
 Took refuge on the fleet Toombodrah's banks,  
 Flanked by the rapid stream and granite mounds  
 Of shattered mountains.

Looming o'er those scenes  
 So desolate, gigantic forms arise,  
 Cut from the living rocks. Each summit thrones  
 A god of Ancient India's heathen cult,  
 Carved in dimensions most sublimely grand.  
 As if up-lifted for eternity  
 Beyond the wasting reach of time, he sits,  
 Unchanged on his rough mountain pedestal  
 Of granite primitive—a sentry-king,—  
 Guarding the refuge of his worshippers.

First in dominion, BRAHMA, throned in state,  
 Is Lord of all the worship of the land.  
 Fair CHRISHNA next,—Apollo of the East,  
 The god adored of woman,—here receives  
 The vows and incense of those gentler hearts,  
 Who, with allegiance, also bring their love.

Erect in majesty above the rest,  
 Towers Ganesa, the Elephantine god  
 Of wisdom ; from one single block out-hewn

In the live granite—threescore cubits high.—  
 Far shelving from his feet on every side  
 Slopes a steep cone of fragments, to a base  
 A league in circuit. “Fragments”—each a rock  
 Quarried by nature, one on other heaped,  
 Sharp, angular, and difficult to scale.  
 Fissures, like yawning chasms intervene,  
 Reft in the shattered mass, and oft the lair  
 Of crouching tiger, or the vaulted maze  
 Of subterranean caves ; their gaping mouths  
 By cactus-tangled rampant thorns o’ergrown.  
 The Cactus, called in Ind the Prickly Fig,  
 Loaded with blood-red flowers and luscious fruits,  
 Attains on those scorched rocks gigantic size,  
 And armed with covering of the finest spikes,  
 Pierces the limbs of the bold pioneer,  
 Whose only path the keen-edged axe must cleave.  
 But the gained summit well repays the toil.

’Twas on that pinnacle, that Linkah first  
 Questioned the fables of the heathen faith,  
 Which carved those granite rocks to Idol gods.  
 Of that hereafter.—

Next, fell Seeva stands,  
 Th’ embodied spirit of that desolate wild—  
 The Arch-Destroyer—gloating, as of yore,

O'er the flood-smitten world, whose relics lay  
 Scathed to sterility beneath his feet  
 In the bleak nakedness the Waters left.—  
 Tomb of the Deluge !—

Monuments,—the toil  
 Of generations past, defying time—  
 Frown in stern grandeur from their rock-based sites.  
 Deep in the sombre vales, deserted stand  
 Grey antique temples, built with massive slabs  
 Of monumental granite;—gloomy piles,  
 Entombing total darkness—erst profaned  
 By human sacrifice to devil-gods,  
 Whose rites were foul pollutions, which the day  
 Had blushed to look upon.

'Neath their dark vaults,  
 In midnight silence, the frantic mother's hand  
 Was forced to immolate her infant child—  
 The daughter of her love;—and oft herself—  
 Victim to Seeva—died in agonies  
 From slowly torturing fires.

Deserted now  
 Are these vast shrines, defiled by noisome beasts,  
 Who therein find a den. Foul Vampire there  
 Clings in live masses to the sweltering roofs,  
 Like swarming bees, or spread their leathery wings  
 Like hosts of demons set at liberty



To scare the living from the haunts of death.  
 The vaulted halls ring with their piercing shrieks,  
 As they dash headlong 'gainst the flashing brand  
 That fails to guide the explorer's doubtful step.  
 A Cumbleh cast around the head protects  
 Th' intruder from their claws and zigzag flight,  
 'Till driven forth by flaring torches,—oft  
 Extinguished by their wings—silence resumes  
 Its terror striking sway.

Around these Fanes—

Once dedicate to worship, now forgot—  
 A solitude in desolation reigns ;  
 No shepherd here conducts his scanty flock  
 Of browsing Goats, but the Hyena prowls  
 At midday, undisturbed.—The Tiger basks  
 'Neath the meridian sun, at Seeva's feet ;—  
 The subtle serpent—twenty cubits long—  
 Twines round wise Ganesa.—The Pelican broods  
 On Brahma.—Chrishna, alone undesecrate,  
 Receives heart-offerings from his votaries  
 As in the olden time.—

Nearer the stream

A vast Pagoda stands of later date,  
 Whence issues at the annual festival  
 A mighty car—the sacred idol-throne  
 Of blood-stained Juggernaut—in monstrous state,

Bearing his hideous image. These vast 'Rhuts'—  
 Drawn by ten thousand worshippers—advance  
 Not rarely o'er the prostrate Devotee—  
 A willing sacrifice—who thus would win  
 His heaven with Brahm.

A flight of granite steps—

Cut from the rock that forms the river's bank  
 In spacious terraces,—leads from the Fane  
 Down 'neath the rapid stream. There thousands stand,  
 Bathed in the crystal waters, prayerfully  
 Performing their ablutions, ere they dare  
 T' approach the sacred idol.—Oft the tide  
 Of broad Toomboodrah (narrowed here to pass  
 A vast ravine cleft thro' the solid heart  
 Of the rough mountain—measureless in depth—  
 By which it writhes and twists its vex-ed course),  
 Sweeps a rapt pilgrim by its eddying force  
 To death inevitable : then a shout  
 Of gratulation rises from the throng  
 That Seeva thus should snatch his votary,  
 Cleansed by ablution in that sacred stream.

On many a granite slab along the strand,  
 Mark Saati carved—the sacred Serpent-ring—  
 An emblem of Eternity !—Where'er  
 That mystic ring is chiselled in the stone—

As fresh to-day, as if the workman's hand  
 But now had stamp'd that blood-appeal to Him  
 Who hears the Widow's and the Orphan's moan—  
 There rose a Suttee's Pyre, on that spot died  
 By slow devouring flame—a gentle wife  
 Burnt, living, with her husband's putrid corse !

By offering to Brahm the incense pure  
 Of a devoted heart, and earnest faith  
 On her lord's funeral pile, her soul she trusts —  
 By fire and suffering duly sanctified—  
 May rise with him she loved, and share his bliss  
 In the eternal presence of his God.<sup>18</sup>

Cursed is the land beneath the hateful sway  
 Of foul Idolatry !—Oh ! why so long  
 Is it permitted thus 'neath Christian Rule  
 To blind the nations with its witchcraft lies ?

Though sacrificial victims bleed no more  
 Within those cavernous Temples—and the Pyre  
 Consumes not now the Suttee's writhing form—  
 And the unnatural father casts not forth  
 His female infant as the Jackal's food—  
 The mask of mystery is not rent away  
 That mocks the Indian's beclouded eyes.

Vainly shall education, 'neath the chain  
 Of Pagan influence, strive to counteract

The downward tendencies of a sensual race:—  
 'Tis Truth alone can elevate the soul,  
 And make a people great.—Alas! for Ind!  
 A withering curse has bound the sons of Shem  
 In spiritual fetters, hurling down,  
 From their once high estate, the chosen heirs  
 Of Revelation. Not one race survives,  
 Descended from the first-born of the Flood,  
 Free from spiritual bondage.

Here and there

Amidst that scene of desolation smiled—  
 Bosomed in menacing and barren cliffs,  
 On which no flowret bloomed, no herbage sprung—  
 Spots of the softest beauty, sleeping now  
 In the deep stillness of meridian heat,  
 Yet to the eye, cooled by the flashing spray  
 Of swift Toombodrah's waters.—Grateful turf  
 In verdant freshness shone enamelled o'er  
 By brilliant flowrets, midst which fluttering strayed  
 Blithe troops of Butterflies in wanton sport.

Further in distance wooded vales appear,  
 Thro' which the shaded river wends its way,  
 With calm expanding surface, tranquil now  
 And free—its prison walls of granite passed—  
 Spreading a track of verdure, which still marks  
 Its winding course, when screened itself from view.

There grassy plains in undulating swell,  
 'Livened by herds of bounding Antelope,  
 Sweep to far mountains veiled in neutral grey.

Such were the scenes, with Patrick for my guide,  
 O'er which I daily wandered. From his stock  
 Of myths and fabled lore, he oft beguiled  
 Our long excursions with traditions old,  
 Clothing with interest each bare sculptured stone.

And aye, at eve, to Linkah's eager ear  
 The explorations of the day detailed  
 To fresh discussions lead. The varied scene  
 From Ganesa's rocky height, impressed her mind  
 With wish so strong to scale the eminence,  
 That Patrick gave consent ; the day was fixed  
 Preceding our departure.

Ere the dawn  
 Suffused the horizon, a numerous train,  
 Well armed for safety, and enjoyment too,  
 Wound from the river bank along a route  
 Mournfully desolate and drear. Huge stones,  
 Without a sign of vegetable life,  
 Lay piled around ; the Pilgrim's wonted track,  
 Polished by shoeless feet thro' centuries,  
 Guided our course ; high over head there hung,  
 Towering in wild uncouth distorted forms,  
 Bluff threatening cliffs seen indistinctly thro'

The shifting veils of mist. A wilder scene  
Of desolate solitude ne'er echoed back  
The she-wolf's howl.

On every side there loomed .  
Dry, bleak and barren slabs of granite grey,  
Which stretched o'er caverns' gaping mouths—the cells  
In ancient days of Buddite anchorites,  
Or of ascetic misanthropes,—who fled  
The cheering presence of their fellow men—  
With life's joys blighted by remorseful crime,  
Or failure in ambition's giddy game,  
Or soul-subdued by manhood's vampire—Sloth—  
To wreak their base dejection on themselves.

If crime have blanched the cheek with coward fear,  
And blacked the soul with hopeless misery,  
'Tis well to skulk in solitude and weep.—

When blighted hope has chilled the heart to stone,  
Freezing all sympathy with its fellow man,  
And rendered life a waste and weariness ;  
The wreck of nature suits the wreck of mind,  
As suits the ruined tower the lichen grey.—

But to reject God's gifts of happiness  
In all the riches of young life and hope,  
Is suicide of heart in wilfulness,  
Fruit of a morbid frenzy, offspring base  
Of recreant indolence, which dreads the toil

That nerves a nobler soul to exploits high.  
Whilst one, subdued and cowed by fortune's frown,  
Crouches in timid inactivity  
Before the ruins of his earthly home ;—  
The other, with resilient spirit, builds  
A firmer fabric from the wreck of hopes  
And energies—misled by early zeal.—

Those caves no longer hide, in solitude,  
Nor anchorite, nor recluse.—The Panther now,  
Or spotted Leopard, and the Tiger share,  
With their fierce brethren of the wilderness,  
Those desolate abodes. With watchful eye  
The hunters pick their way, and oft the shout,  
In chorus raised, echoes from cliff to cliff  
To scare the gaunt marauders to their dens.

Our track now leads along a defile steep  
And perilous, one of the labyrinths  
That thread their way, midst bluff acclivity  
And toppling precipice, till they emerge  
Upon a bleak expanse of sterile plain.

Thick scattered round, lay the bleached skeletons  
Of crowds who died from sickness—or fatigue—  
Or starving want of every needful thing,—

Save the scorched breath of heaven, and—a grave  
 To cover them when dead. They needed not  
 Nor grave, nor funeral pyre to consecrate  
 Their obsequies. The maw of ravenous Wolf,  
 Or gorging Vulture, was for them a tomb.

Calmly resigned—their pious duties done,  
 No charity at hand, their last crust gone,  
 Whole families lie down, and patient wait—  
 Their double pilgrimage complete—to die.

Such the heart-rending groups these eyes have seen,  
 Dying and dead, unfriended to the last ;  
 Who not in their extremity betrayed  
 Impatience e'en to die—and be at rest ;  
 Their destined hour arrived—both death and life  
 Seemed things alike indifferent to them,  
 So that they were unparted at the last,  
 After their sore-foot pilgrimage was o'er.  
 They had no home to mourn for ;—no,—nor kin,  
 Whom they would see *once* more, or, who would watch  
 Their hoped return from that blank wilderness.—  
 They were alone on earth, and God alone  
 Was witness if they breathed, or yielded up  
 The breath of life he gave them.

Once I saw

An infant—to the last clasped in the arms



That lately were its mother's, then a corpse—  
 Draining the life-drops from the dried-up breast,  
 After the heart within had ceased to beat.  
 With parched and frothy lips, that frail being strove  
 To wake its lifeless mother with a cry,  
 So piteously feeble, that it drew  
 Pity from hardened men—hardened at least  
 To desert-scenes like these.     Four others lay  
 Sleeping in that lone death group ;—one, a boy,  
 Had sickened in deformity, and died,  
 Bandaged and swathed, on the gaunt father's knees—  
*His* " Pilgrim's burthen."     For that boy, perchance,  
 A peaceful home was left, that Faith might seek,  
 At Humpee's holy shrine, the boon of health.—  
 Such hope supported thro' long journeyings,  
 Of many moon's duration, those who now  
 Have no hope to fulfil.     Their honest faith  
 Was without bounds, and if directed ill—  
 Was that a sin?   Our hope should answer—No !

For that frail infant succour came too late ;  
 A few drops of warm goat's-milk only caused  
 Sobs of convulsion—silenced soon—by death.

A sympathizing hand replaced the babe  
 Within its mother's cold but cradling arms.—

'Tis probable no human eye again

Ere fell on them in that bleak solitude ;  
 But God knows where they lie, to whom is known  
 The secret motive of their pilgrimage.<sup>19</sup>

'Twas in this wide spread Golgotha I found  
 Some of those time-bleached skulls which still retain  
 Their place on my museum's mystic shelves.  
 And great the mystery seemed in Linkah's eyes,  
 That with a glance I could discriminate  
 And classify the heads of various tribes.  
 Deep her attention, if I essayed to read  
 From those now empty shells of former thought,  
 The vanished passions of the living man ;  
 And great her marvel, when some happy guess,  
 Launched at the casual stranger, hit the mark—  
 Arming Phrenology with a wizard's wand.<sup>20</sup>—

With such mysterious power, her fancy loved  
 To dream that minds intelligent could pierce  
 The thoughts of others, and attain to truths,  
 The cheating tongue concealed.—Her loyal heart  
 Was open as the day, no double thought  
 Could hide behind the flashes of her eye,  
 Or smooth expansion of her open brow.  
 "Have not I said it,"—was her sole appeal  
 In confirmation of her doubted word.

A Fatalist—by faith in Moslem Creed,—  
 She doubted not that in herself she bore  
 The seed of Destiny, which ripening time  
 Infallibly must fructify at last,<sup>21</sup>—  
 And what soil better suited than the brain !

Tinged with Brahminical belief, her mind  
 Was open to the dream, that Souls of men  
 Might migrate after death, and animate  
 A lower race of beings, whose Instincts vile  
 Chime with the habits of men's sinful lives ;  
 Mete but degraded punishment for those  
 Who to the passions of the Brute debase  
 Their intellectual nature.—Hence, she deemed,  
 A corresponding brain might be the home  
 Of man's degraded reason in the beast.

Rough was the climb to Ganesa's high peak,  
 O'er broken rock, thro' tangled cactus-brake  
 Already hewn away to form our path ;  
 But Linkah's agile step was first to gain  
 The pinnacle above, and breathe the air  
 Fresh on the mountain's brow.

Screened from the sun  
 By Ganesa's broad shadow, there we paused,  
 And thence surveyed with comprehensive glance

A picture India only can present.

Round the Pagoda, by the river's side,  
 Were crowds of devotees who, bowing down  
 To imaged stocks and stones, fulfilled the dark  
 Denunciations of Spiritual Death  
 Midst temporal desolation, long foretold  
 Of all idolaters, by Prophetic lips.  
 There, midst the vestiges of races past,  
 They swarmed, the living masses of to-day,  
 On the old purpose bent.

A solemn air  
 Of sullen, mournful grandeur, reigned around,  
 Depressing with cold awe our saddened hearts  
 In sympathy. In thoughtful silence each,  
 Unbiased, drew his separate inference,  
 Agreed in this;—from the dark retrospect  
 And darker present—a drearer future still  
 Foreshadows long that soul-less land with gloom.

Grey idealities of a race long dead,  
 Mixed with the fresh realities of life—  
 The actual of to-day. The time-stained fanes,  
 And mighty monuments of old—so grand  
 In their sublime severity—were raised  
 In honor of the same divinities—  
 And for like worship—with that juggling car

In tinselled trappings, and the painted shrine  
Of yon Pagoda.

But the Brahmin Priest  
(The outward man—in garb, in look unchanged,  
As each carved stone avows), retained the dress  
And primitive simplicity of mien  
Due to the olden time. The antique robe  
Of dazzling white, margined with jag-ged lines  
Of Tyrian purple, or bright scarlet dye,  
Was cast with priestly dignity around  
His sombre form ; a manly gravity  
Suited the solemn measure of his step,  
Whilst the shorn head and venerable beard  
Became the Patriarch of ancient days.<sup>28</sup>

The dark-skinned Worshipper, in nature's garb,  
Needed no shelter from the tropic sun—  
His "wedding-garment" was his boundless Faith!

At times there rose a wild fanatic shout  
From that vast concourse, and the beetling crags  
Took up the swelling roar, and cried aloud  
Each to the other ; as if their echoes joyed  
To hear again the rumbling thunder-voice  
Of an unnumbered multitude, whose shout  
Of old had blended with the piercing shrieks  
Of human victims in their agony.

" But hark ! Thro' those full undulating swells  
 " Of human tongues, which reach this rocky height,  
 " There penetrate far shriller cries, as if  
 " From the dark caverns of these haunted mounds  
 " Imprisoned spirits in the uproar joined !

" 'Tis the more savage tenants of these caves,  
 " And long deserted Temples, that pour forth  
 " Their forest yells with that wild multitude,  
 " And join in one mad chorus."

With a long  
 And silent earnestness, had Linkah gazed  
 On the strange scene below her eyrie nest.  
 The working mind spoke in her looks ;—her eye  
 Passed with a touch of sadness from the mass  
 Of blind idolaters (the moral wreck  
 Of fallen man)—to the wild mountains round  
 ('The shattered wreck of an old fallen world)—  
 Surmounted by colossal deities  
 ('The wreck of shadowed truth)—who frowned upon  
 Their fanes, the prey of desolate neglect.—  
 Thence her eye travelled to the smiling plains,  
 Beyond the curse of desolation stamp'd  
 On Humpee's monuments.—Again her thoughts  
 Turned to that Pagan Mass.—

" Oh ! tell me if

" Amidst the ever moving crowd that throngs  
 " With teeming life yon consecrated stream—  
 " Amidst those human billows that roll on  
 " In ceaseless swell before their Idol's car—  
 " Or those who through the vistas of time past  
 " Have each preceding year but done the same—  
 " Or, those whose bleaching skulls, thick scatter'd round,  
 " Betrayed their history to your searching eyes—  
 " Among those mighty Potentates who planned  
 " These giant-works, which rear their heads on high  
 " After the lapse of ages—say,—has one  
 " Left to posterity one lasting boon?—  
 " Or, is there one in yonder shouting mass,  
 " (Judging from what we know of that blind race)  
 " Will bring a future blessing on his kind?—  
 " What has the greatest been?"—

" A sweeping scourge,  
 " Worse than the Pestilence, to suck the life  
 " From out the toiling millions—to raise  
 " A name *forgotten*—or—*these* giant forms,  
 " Incorporate errors, to delude mankind."

" Is all this toil and turmoil then in vain!—  
 " Thro' ages, has no god-like being been found  
 " His brethren to enlighten, and to leave  
 " A worthier Cenotaph than these sculptured stones?"

“ Not one !—Though myriads have worn these rocks  
“ With naked sole, until their surface shine,  
“ Not one has left a name mankind can bless.”—

“ For what do nations toil? Is man content  
“ To labor only for the bread he eats—  
“ Or sparkle like the fire-fly for his hour,—  
“ And leave the world no brighter when he dies ?”

“ Th’ intricate web of busy human life  
“ Receives the spring of its existence, less  
“ From the more stirring facts which weave its mesh,  
“ Than from the dazzling, but delusive dreams  
“ With which men tint its texture ; hence their aim  
“ Is to give present brilliancy, tho’ some  
“ May for the future toil. Few, few attain  
“ The object they pursue,—their span ’s so short  
“ That ere the mind, matured, has formed its scheme,  
“ The time for energetic action ’s gone,  
“ And chance fills up the ground-work of the piece—  
“ Whilst fancy lends a coloring to the whole,  
“ Leaving the fabric—patchwork !—if ’tis done.  
“ Life, like a passing shadow on the stream—  
“ The momentary sport of every wave—  
“ Flits unrecorded by ; and age, unsought,  
“ Deadens the spirit ere the lagging hand



“ Has made provision for th’ unwelcome guest ;  
 “ For e’en the busiest—beset with cares  
 “ And shrewd anxieties,—find life too brief  
 “ For all they want to do. As years advance,  
 “ Men with complacency repose on that  
 “ They have achieved, but with reluctance seek  
 “ Fresh fields of enterprize :—How many more  
 “ With grizzled temple—prematurely grey  
 “ From palling pleasures unrequiting toil,  
 “ Or tame sterility of daily life,—  
 “ Feel there is nothing done, and so give way—  
 “ Recording on their tomb—‘ We lived in vain !’—  
 “ And thus whole nations of the stagnant East  
 “ While living, languish—languishing, live on—  
 “ Until a master-spirit seize the reins,  
 “ Drive in the wincing jade his blood-stained spurs,  
 “ And gall her into madness—’till she cast  
 “ Her rider—then all stagnates as ere-while——.

“ But let us change our site.      Beneath those rocks,  
 “ By Patrick’s care arranged, a bower fair  
 “ Of leaves and flowers, courting sweet repose,  
 “ With light refreshing banquet, tempting spread  
 “ Upon the polished rock, your coming wait ;  
 “ And differing far from this, a fairy scene  
 “ Of sheltered vales and sparkling streamlets smile

“ In peacefulness below.”

Bright was the glow  
Of joy on Linkah's face as she reposed  
After th' excitement of the morning's climb  
On a luxurious couch of mossy turf;  
And screened by interwoven boughs, gazed forth  
From her cool bower upon those watered vales,  
Bright with the morning sun, whose tempered ray  
Seemed welcome to the flower-bespangled mead,  
And wooded glades that skirt the crystal stream.  
Great her delight at scenes so quickly changed,  
As by enchanter's wand, from gloom to light.

Before her quick imagination rose  
The fairy structure of a future home;  
Her fancy, unrestrained, in freedom ranged,  
Planting and gathering-in the brilliant hopes  
That sprang like blooming flowers, sparkling o'er  
The far perspective of unclouded life.

Intense perception of the beautiful  
In all her Maker's works, inspired her mind  
With elevated thoughts; whilst her heart beat  
With wide spread sympathy for those who shared  
Her own ideal happiness. She built  
Rich castles in the air, and peopled them  
With fairy tenants of her friends, and those

Her friends held dear,—whose qualities seemed bright  
 As her warm heart imagined all she loved.  
 Their hopes became identified with hers,  
 And she would listen to affection's tale  
 Of loving kindred in a far off land,  
 In attitude of deep attention fixed,  
 And aptly robe with an embodied form  
 Each well loved name, henceforth to be a part  
 In every fancied scheme of happiness.

No rigid laws of harsh necessity  
 Checked her bright fancy in its early flight;  
 Her young Imagination freely soared—  
 Linking th' Ideal in sweet sisterhood  
 With Nature's loveliest works,—it ne'er drooped wing  
 Before th' impossible. Her highest Heaven  
 Breathed of an Earthly beauty, and the ties  
 And home-affections of the feeling heart  
 Assumed sublimity as her fancy drew  
 The elevating bliss of Future life;—  
 Where action was not toil—and mind, though free,  
 Guided by reason kept th' unerring laws  
 Of right and truth ;—whilst universal love  
 Linked all in brotherhood.—

There surely are  
 Rich instincts of the soul, which guide our hearts  
 By a divine perception of the truth,

When judgment and experience might err.—  
 The self-taught mind will pierce those moral doubts,  
 Which to philosophy and science prove  
 A block of stumbling,—by a word is cut  
 The Gordian knot, where argument had failed,  
 And the truth bursts in simple beauty free.

The glowing warmth of Linkah's native sun  
 Had reached the deep recesses of her heart,  
 Gilding its thoughts with sun-shine ; Fancy played  
 Its elf-pranks on occasion, but *her* will  
 Could curb *its* wilfulness, and tone its fire  
 By calm reflection. If those early seeds  
 Of meditative thought, implanted now  
 Within her mind, maturity attain—  
 A noble intellect will yet expand  
 Its brilliant bloom, more fair and delicate,  
 Than the exotic flowers of Fancy's growth !—

Perhaps 'twas from a mind too sensitive  
 That dread of coming ill would sometimes shade  
 Even her brightest hours, and hence her thoughts  
 Oft dwelt on the more lasting happiness  
 A future world would yield ;—thus she would say ;—

“ Sorrow is known but once, its sting once felt  
 “ Deep in the heart, and the elastic throb

" Of joy will ne'er beat more. 'Tis like these flowers  
 " Which open with the sun, and when it sets—  
 " Closing in sadness, ne'er to ope again,—  
 " Their freshness withers, and their colour fades.—  
 " The happiness to hope for, dwells not here,  
 " Its home is far away in yon bright skies."

It was on Humpee's rocks 'neath that fair bower—  
 Her momentary joy checked by the thought,  
 That on the morrow we must say farewell !  
 (Never on earth to meet each other more !)—  
 Those words were uttered, and I made reply—

" Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard the joy,  
 " Which heaven reserves for those who gain its bliss ;  
 " But the inquiring mind is not content  
 " To leave the subject there, and hence it seeks  
 " To found the infinite on finite hopes  
 " Of what it longs for here, and so supply  
 " The void which Revelation leaves unfilled.  
 " The noblest hopes of youth and manhood point  
 " To an unbounded knowledge of all truth,  
 " A heart of purity and love divine—  
 " Subject in every act to Allah's Will.  
 " In age—when hovering on the confines drear  
 " Of a worn-out existence,—the cold heart

" Looks to relief from weariness and pain  
 " As its substantial longing ; for repose  
 " Is all the weary spirit asks.      Whilst Faith  
 " Rests on the promise to a pardoned soul.

" But think not that in youth your hopes will die  
 " With the first sorrow ; strong is the rebound  
 " Of what the Poets call a broken heart ;  
 " And e'en in later years, the ' poetry  
 " Of youth,' unconscious, lingers round  
 " The world-worn heart, nor ever leaves it quite.  
 " As surely as that soft and springy moss—  
 " The yielding couch on which you now recline—  
 " Bearing the moulded impress of your form,  
 " Will ere to-morrow's dawn, elastic, lose  
 " The stamp impressed to-day,—so surely will  
 " Th' elastic heart of youth, with quick rebound,  
 " Regain its native buoyancy, though grief  
 " And trouble, for a while, weigh down the soul,  
 " And make its sunshine blackness."

" Think *you* so !

" You!—who from those time-bleach-ed skulls can read  
 " The thoughts and passions of the mighty dead,  
 " Who peopled this wild land in ages gone,  
 " Can you not read in *mine*, the living home  
 " Whence the affections spring, and know the truth ?"

“ Linkah ! Phrenology does not presume  
“ To read the *thoughts* of man, far less the heart,  
“ And least when throbbing in a woman’s breast.  
“ But if the lineaments of a living face,  
“ Confirmed by the truth-speaking eye, have power  
“ To mirror feelings passing in the heart,  
“ And stamp upon the tongue the seal of truth—  
“ Thy face—thy eye—reveal the truthfulness  
“ Of more than thy tongue utters, and I read  
“ The veil-ed workings of the heart and brain  
“ In every outward symbol. Still I see  
“ In th’ ever changing flashes of the eye  
“ The fluttering of thy fancy’s restless wing,  
“ The harbinger perhaps of the high flight  
“ Thy soaring mind *may* yet hereafter take  
“ With thought maturer grown ; *now* fancy rules,  
“ Subject to change with circumstance. But if  
“ The workings of the busy brain are not  
“ A merely passing influence, but depend  
“ On the capacity of its various parts,—  
“ Or the extent of its machinery—  
“ Then must I see the contour of its mould  
“ Left on the bony casket by the brain ;  
“ Or I may be misled by passing gleams,  
“ Picturing the surface of the expressive face,  
“ As varying lights and shadows change the look

“ Of outward nature; turning its fair aspect  
 “ Into a sombre gloom, though the next ray  
 “ Of sunshine laughs the landscape into joy.

“ But I’m content to read thee as thou art,  
 “ And to believe each flitting light that plays  
 “ Across thy features, sparkling in thy eye  
 “ With bright intelligence,—or breathing forth  
 “ Full of true sympathy in thy gentle voice—  
 “ Springs from a source of permanent supply,  
 “ Be it within the mind, the heart, or brain,  
 “ Which will nor here—no—nor hereafter, change.”

She clapt her hands;—her Burmese servant stood  
 And bent before her.

“ Letchmee! swear thou wilt  
 “ Obey my order.”

The startled slave knelt down,  
 Placed on her head her mistress’ tiny foot,  
 Then rose with look attentive. Linkah spoke  
 With tone more serious than her usual wont,—  
 Placing her hand on her own raven locks.

“ Wherever I may die, preserve this head,  
 “ And place it in *his* keeping. He shall know  
 “ How steadfast is my nature.”



Her bright eyes  
 And finger *fell on me*. The shuddering slave  
 With horror turned away. In vain I sought  
 By playful answer to avert the thoughts  
 Which scared us all. Uneasy silence reigned.

A saddened shade, as of foreboding ill,  
 Passed over Patrick's brow. To change the theme,  
 I called upon him to fulfil his pledge,  
 And from his stores of mythologic lore  
 To trace the rise, and after-history  
 Of Brahma's worship, freed from the gross rites  
 And Polytheism that a darker age  
 Had cast round vestiges of early truth,  
 And with instructive lesson throw more light  
 On all the mystic symbols of a spot  
 So rich in Hindu relics.

"No, my friend,  
 "To meet your wish, my narrative must strive  
 "In sober earnestness to prove each step  
 "In the slow progress of the Brahmin's faith  
 "From its beginning; but ere I commence  
 "A task so serious, let me call on you  
 "To give *your* version. You, some nights ago,  
 "As we rode home, drew an amusing sketch,  
 "Showing that bones of Saurians—if ascribed

" To human heroes—might originate  
 " The favourite tales of giants which we meet  
 " In every land, from classic shores of Greece  
 " And Egypt, to the giant forms that stand  
 " Sculptured around us.

" Linkah, you will learn  
 " That bones, as well as sculptured stones, suggest  
 " Th' idea that beings of a gigantic mould  
 " Dwelt on this globe before the present race  
 " Of pigmy mortals.

" Now Comrade to the tale.  
 " See! these colossal statues listening wait,  
 " To learn fresh marvels of their origin.  
 " Spare not *their* doubts, nor *ours* ; but fearless give  
 " Imagination wing, and let your flight,—  
 " Bold as yon Eagle's over Ganesa—  
 " Surpass the Brahmin's legendary tales."

Each hunter seized his rifle, whilst his eye  
 Followed the soaring monarch of the air,  
 As in extending circles he swept round  
 The mound on which we sat. Two rifle balls  
 Parted at once,—the Eagle, with a shriek,  
 Fell—a meet offering—on Seeva's shrine.<sup>23</sup>

## The Giants of the Land.

“ Traditions wild of Brahma’s crafty priests  
 “ Have traced the source of the Colossal forms  
 “ Which rise around our present resting place,  
 “ Far back among unnumbered ages past  
 “ Of earth’s creation.

“ From the shattered wreck  
 “ Of the last Chaos, Brahma built anew  
 “ The frame work of the World. ’Midst Humpee’s plains,  
 “ He fortified these vast memorials  
 “ Of a primeval, and a mightier race—  
 “ The graven images of Earth’s first Kings—  
 “ Existences divine—and circled round  
 “ This destined refuge of his worshippers,  
 “ (In ages of affliction doomed to come),  
 “ With masses of crashed mountains, heaped up  
 “ By gaunt Confusion.

“ From what source derived  
 “ These fictions strange ’tis difficult to trace,  
 “ But such in every land existence find,  
 “ Based upon mighty works of ancient days  
 “ Distort thro’ ignorance of historic truth,—  
 “ Or by poetic fancy,—but all tell

“ That sculptured monuments too grand in scale  
 “ For pigmies like ourselves, from giants sprang.

“ In that old world, beings of portentous size  
 “ Swayed wide dominion, and their relics now  
 “ On and below earth’s face astound mankind.  
 “ Huge works of giant toil are still preserved  
 “ In Thebes’ vast Temples—Egypt’s Pyramids—  
 “ Her Sphinx—Elora’s Caves—these sculptured rocks  
 “ Which frown on us—the Giant Causeway cliffs, —  
 “ Stonchenge’ weird circling stones on Salisbury Plains.

“ Again, the relics of those mighty beings  
 “ Found ’neath the bosom of our mother earth,  
 “ In prediluvial clay,—enormous bones  
 “ Of mighty warriors, of fantastic forms,  
 “ Startling the puny race of modern times,  
 “ Have spread throughout the world in every age  
 “ Traditions vague of those who ruled it erst,  
 “ And veiled by fiction’s names, heroic worth.  
 “ ’T was then Behemoth ruled o’er earth and sea,—  
 “ The ‘ twelve-arm’d Brahma’ of the Hindu Myth.<sup>24</sup>  
 “ Here Megatherion reared his ponderous frame  
 “ O’er ancient continents, an emblem fit  
 “ Of ‘ Elephant-headed Ganesa’—the god  
 “ Of Hindu wisdom.      Saurian chieftains there,

" Contesting 'midst themselves terrestrial sway,  
 " Fiercely defied the great ' Creative Power,'  
 " And in their *native* element submerged  
 " The habitable globe.—'Twas Scēva's self,  
 " 'The fell Destroyer'—Maha Deva's curse  
 " That hurled earth to destruction, and howled o'er  
 " Chaotic devastation with the blast  
 " Of maddened elements—the curse of Sin.  
 " Thro' ages, such traditionary tales  
 " Were handed down, assuming many forms  
 " According to the genius of the race  
 " That fostered them ;—the legend—still preserved.  
 " Italia's classic lore records the fall  
 " Of rebel Cyclops, who their gods defied,  
 " And piling Ossa upon Pelion, scaled  
 " The palaces of the Olympian heaven ;  
 " But drowned in floods, or hurled to depths below—  
 " By thunderbolt and lightning's scathing flame—  
 " Deep in earth's bosom lie. And living still,  
 " *One* heaving breathes through Etna's mount of flame.  
 " Egypt and Greece with emblematic point,  
 " Sung like heroic tales : But Hindu zeal,  
 " With blinder superstition, saw fresh gods  
 " In every freak of nature. Still the East,  
 " From the Mosaic History, preserved  
 " Some knowledge of the Truth ; nay, every clime

" Has borrowed from that Book records of Fact  
 " To blend with Fiction. Thence the fancy drew  
 " Wild tales of Demigods—half gods, half men,—  
 " And made the mighty of those olden days  
 " Before the flood, sons of Angelic beings,  
 " Or of their deities, whose passions burned  
 " For the fair daughters of an earth-born race.  
 " But nearer to the truth some legends tell,  
 " 'That sons of Seth who dwelt on Hermon's Mount  
 " As hermits, in ascetic solitude,  
 " With penance and with prayer, by which they hoped  
 " Their pure and holy lives might yet re-ope  
 " The seraph-guarded gates of Paradise—  
 " These ' Sons of God' impatient of delay,  
 " And weary of their cold celibacy,  
 " In hopelessness re-sought the smiling vales  
 " Where then the beauteous daughters dwelt—of Man,  
 " And saw how fair they were, and hence there sprung  
 " ' The Giants of the land.'

" But see, the sun  
 " Declines. To you then, Patrick, I resign  
 " The field of marvels, in the hope to learn  
 " A more veracious history, ere night  
 " Steep in her shades the terrors of the spot."

Then Patrick in more serious vein replied—

## Mythology of Ind.

“ My own belief inclines to trace the Myths  
 “ And Fables of all Pagan races back  
 “ Through old traditions to one single source—  
 “ The Records of the Flood. So few survived  
 “ That wide calamity to spread the Arts,  
 “ Language and Science of the olden world,  
 “ That men were daily forced to re-invent  
 “ The civilized necessities of life,  
 “ Of which they knew the purport—not the parts ;  
 “ And for some ages pressing wants required  
 “ The labour of all hands to re-construct  
 “ A home, upon the desolated wreck  
 “ Left by the retiring waters.  
 “ Language then  
 “ Was limited t’ express the daily wants  
 “ Of earth’s small handful of inhabitants,  
 “ And to recall at distant intervals,  
 “ To the new rising race, the history  
 “ Of God’s displeasure with the sinful world  
 “ Which perished by the Flood.  
 “ In memory’s aid,  
 “ Symbols and Hieroglyphics were employed

“ First to commemorate the great events  
“ Of and before the Deluge ; above all—  
“ Traditions of God’s dealings with mankind  
“ From the beginning ;—the short Golden Age  
“ Of Paradise, and man’s mysterious Fall  
“ From purity, by subtle influence  
“ Of the Arch-enemy of God and man ;—  
“ Then Noah’s divine appointment to preserve  
“ Within the sacred Ark a chosen few  
“ Of every creature living, to revive  
“ The breath of life o’er the dead silent world ;—  
“ Lastly, to guard for far posterity,  
“ The names and histories of the Patriarch Kings  
“ Who ruled from Adam to Prophetic Noah  
“ O’er prediluvial kingdoms. Their exploits  
“ Through many centuries of protracted life  
“ Must have eclipsed the deeds of men, whose span  
“ Shrunk to threescore and ten ! Such records soon  
“ Became delusive Shadows of high Truths,  
“ Revealed in ancient days to holy men,  
“ Who, with deep wisdom, ’neath the mystic veil  
“ Of natural emblems and symbolic types,  
“ Preserved sublime ideas, when infant speech  
“ Had not as yet attained the power to trace  
“ In clear conceptive phrase the abstract thoughts  
“ Of spiritual existence.



“ Thus, at first,

“ Ideal imagery, with graphic force  
 “ Of language, to the enlightened mind conveyed  
 “ A clear perception of the figured truth,  
 “ By correspondent semblance in the form,  
 “ Or quality. A grosser race mistook  
 “ Creations of th’ imaginative mind  
 “ For real existences ; and building on  
 “ A false conception of an imaged fact,  
 “ Clothed the material semblance with the power  
 “ Of animating principles, and bent  
 “ The knee of worship to the sculptured stone,  
 “ Or some bright orb amidst the ‘ Hosts of Heaven,’  
 “ As to a conscious intellectual Being  
 “ Visibly present.

“ Thus, benighted man

“ In each succeeding generation fell,  
 “ Grovelling in deeper darkness, till he lost  
 “ All trace of truth in visionary faith.  
 “ For an example,—take the Hindu Creed.—

“ In the beginning, Faith, in Truth conceived,  
 “ Adored in Unity, One Eternal God,  
 “ Before whose sacred name of ‘ BRAHM’ bowed down  
 “ The million worshippers of ancient Ind.  
 “ Preserved at first the spirit of the truth,

“ The meditative Brahmin grasped th’ idea  
 “ That Brahm the ‘ GREAT ONE’—‘ God invisible’—  
 “ ‘ Essence Divine’—‘ Incomprehensible’—  
 “ ‘ Eternal’—‘ Uncreated’—ruled supreme—  
 “ First of the Indian Triune Deity,  
 “ With Brahma, the ‘ Creative Power’ of Brahm,  
 “ And Vishnu, the ‘ Pervader,’ often called  
 “ ‘ Spirit of Brahm,’ or ‘ Mover on the Waters.’<sup>25</sup>  
 “ Thus far was truth preserved ; then error sprung  
 “ From misconception of the Power that brought  
 “ A general ruin on a sinful world,  
 “ And Brahma, ’neath another form, became  
 “ Seeva, or Mahadeva, the Destroyer.  
 “ Against this heresy—that Brahma could  
 “ With cruel Seeva be identical,—  
 “ The Hindu mind rebelled. The Destroyer stood  
 “ Antagonistic to that Being of love  
 “ From whom creation sprung, and by whose laws  
 “ Beauty symmetrical is still preserved  
 “ Through the undeviating course of time  
 “ In all His perfect works. And Seeva fell  
 “ From his identity with Creative Power,  
 “ But still remained, ’neath his terrific name,  
 “ Of Juggernaut—the being most adored  
 “ In Hindu cult;—propitiated alike  
 “ By holy Brahmin, as by murderous Thug,

“ With the warm blood of human sacrifice,—  
 “ Perversion gross of Abram’s offering.

“ Fresh errors spread, and Brahma next became  
 “ Confounded with his works, ‘ as part of one  
 “ Stupendous whole, whose body nature is,  
 “ And God the Soul.’ The simple elements—  
 “ The sun—the stars—all nature soon confused  
 “ With Him who made them, were in honour held  
 “ As parts of Deity ; and, in every form,  
 “ With corresponding names, fresh gods arose  
 “ Idols of Hindu worship ; till a blind,  
 “ Degenerate priesthood, gone as far astray  
 “ From Patriarchal Truth, as from the Faith  
 “ Of their own sacred Shastah,<sup>as</sup> conjured up  
 “ The gross delusions and revolting rites  
 “ Which now displace Brahm’s violated cult.

“ Still, thro’ all changes of the Brahmin’s Creed,  
 “ One dazzling hope buoys up the trustful heart  
 “ Of the Hindu worshipper, drawing the sting  
 “ Of bitterness from death,—for death restores  
 “ The true believer to his God. The Soul,  
 “ A scintillation of Divinity,  
 “ *If* purified on earth, is re-absorbed  
 “ Into the sacred Essence whence it sprung.

" But, if he lose his caste, or yield to sin,  
 " Metempsychosis drives the soul to take  
 " Another form, perhaps of man or beast,  
 " In which to expiate the evil done  
 " In a foregone existence, and appease  
 " Eternal justice by meet suffering,  
 " Doomed as the penance to the sinning soul—  
 " But not the body—of the criminal.

" And hence do heavy trials oft o'ertake  
 " The *seeming* innocent in this vale of tears ;  
 " Who, bowing humbly to the chastisement,  
 " In patience bear their bitter destiny,  
 " And so win back their way to heavenly love.

" Some score of centuries ago, arose  
 " BUDDHA, th' ' ENLIGHTENED,' deeply versed in all  
 " The sacred lore the mystic Veda keeps,  
 " Screened from the vulgar herd, beneath the veil  
 " Of Sanscrit mysteries,—recondite tongue—  
 " Alone decypherable in olden time  
 " By Brahmin seer.

" Buddha at once dispersed  
 " The myths and subtleties of idolatry.  
 " Changing the labyrinths of priestly craft  
 " To doctrines practical, he swept away  
 " Traditional formalities, in spite

“ Of castes and creeds ;—he boldly preached  
 “ Equality of soul in rich and poor,  
 “ In high-born Brahmin—out-caste Pariah.  
 “ He taught the moral virtues—charity  
 “ With self-denial, purity of life,  
 “ Patience—and faith in the New Mystery  
 “ He came to preach——Nirvana !

“ Far and wide,  
 “ Thro’ distant nations, spread the ‘ Enlightened Faith,’  
 “ Founded on holiest virtues, which condemned  
 “ The monstrous rites of human sacrifice,  
 “ Appointing in its stead oblations pure  
 “ Of fruits, and flowers, and incense. The new faith  
 “ Stretched from the Plains of India to the Pole ;—  
 “ To Russia, Sweden, Tartary, and won  
 “ The Chinese race, impenetrable else  
 “ To ‘ outside’ influence. Burmah and Siam cast  
 “ Their idols from them. The spice-laden isle  
 “ Of fair Ceylon, received with joy the faith,  
 “ And the wild mountains of Thibet enthroned  
 “ Their High Priest, the ‘ GRAND LAMA,’ Chief and King  
 “ Of Buddha’s votaries. Immortal Priest !  
 “ Whose soul, when the frail flesh dissolves in death,  
 “ By transmigration vivifies the form  
 “ Of beauteous infancy, and lives anew.<sup>67</sup>

“ But who, Nirvana ?—India’s Brahmins say  
 “ ’Tis Vishnu’s self, whose ninth ‘ Avatar’ blest  
 “ The earth with the ‘ Preserver’s’ presence, born  
 “ In semblance of one of Brahma’s priests ;  
 “ Hence *they* retained their rites but little changed—  
 “ Setting at nought his doctrine and reforms—  
 “ The prophet to his country preached in vain !

“ But what,—Nirvana ? Buddha thus explained  
 “ The mystic word. It is the Paradise  
 “ Towards which all creatures tend ;—the high reward  
 “ Of virtue, patience, charity and love—  
 “ Of self-denial of all earthly good  
 “ (Of *Life*—the fruit of a desire to live) ;—  
 “ The only object worthy of Man’s aim—  
 “ The end of all —and thus to be attained.—  
 “ The soul, by holy meditation freed  
 “ From every taint of sin, exalted yields  
 “ To intellectual thought, till nought remains  
 “ To exercise the mind.—Then the soul chills  
 “ In cold indifference, and memory fades  
 “ In contemplation centering on self,  
 “ Till consciousness being lost, the spirit sinks  
 “ To an ETERNAL NOTHINGNESS<sup>22</sup>—a void—  
 “ The bourne from which no traveller returns.  
 “ Thus Buddha taught—Nirvana’s heaven is won.

" His ignorant but wiser followers strive  
 " To keep his moral mandates, in the trust  
 " That a reward more comprehensible  
 " Awaits obedience to his pure behests.

" Now, Linkah ! 'tis for you to trace the course  
 " Of Mah'met's doctrine from the drifting sands  
 " Of Araby, till by the *Sword* it gained  
 " The mastery of Ind—that sword whose edge  
 " Blunted, has failed by slaughter to convert  
 " The stubborn-souled idolaters, who fell  
 " By millions sooner than adopt the creed  
 " Of thy fierce Fathers."

Linkah timidly

Thus answered the appeal :—

### 'Islamim' in Ind.

#### " The Moslem Creed

" Sprung in Arabia's Deserts, when the minds  
 " Of the wild rovers of that tented land—  
 " From Ishmael sprung—were barren as the sands  
 " Of their own desolate wilderness, and steeped  
 " In grossest superstition. Mahomet came—  
 " Not to reveal but—to restore the Faith

" In Holy Allah—the ONE Eternal God.  
 " His worship *there* was first revealed to man  
 " When Time began. Skilled in the sacred books  
 " Which Moosai wrote for Israel's wandering tribes—  
 " *Like him*, the Arab Lawgiver received  
 " His Prophet's Mission from on High, and held—  
 " *Like him*—the cleansing Sword of Faith,  
 " To extirpate from the polluted earth  
 " The Graven Image, and its Worshipers,  
 " And find a heritage in the Holy Land  
 " For True Believers. He had power to make  
 " Converts from every clime to the True Faith,  
 " And slay the contumacious in their sins.  
 " Hence the curved sabre as a 'Crescent' blazed  
 " On his victorious standard since 'The Flight'  
 " ('Hegira's' sacred date) from Mecca's walls,  
 " (Home of his birth), till in Medina's Tomb—  
 " His mission done ;—his earthly relics slept.<sup>69</sup>  
 " And first he taught the barbarous Arab chiefs  
 " To treat with tenderness our gentler sex—  
 " Then cruelly debased—and bade them take  
 " The Patriarch Yacoob, as their guide, and ne'er  
 " Exceed the number of his duteous wives.  
 " Nor did he scorn—as Unbelievers say—  
 " To teach our humbler sex, but bid us pray  
 " In privacy, and veil us from man's sight,



" As the young Ayashur—his beauteous bride—  
 " Was veiled, obedient to her Lord's behest.—  
 " In chastity, love, charity and faith  
 " He bade us emulate the virtuous life  
 " Of his loved child, the blameless Fatima.<sup>30</sup>

" Wide spread the renovated Truth, but soon  
 " Opposing sects destroyed the union  
 " Which else had linked the human race in one  
 " Beneath the Crescent's Banner. Still the Faith,  
 " Despite of sectaries' feuds and varied race,  
 " One creed preserves intact, and every Son  
 " Of Islaaim—be his sect Soonic or Sheah—  
 " Reveres as true the Koran's sacred page ;—  
 " Repeats the ' Namaaz ' as the daily creed  
 " Of ' Islaaim '—(the True Faith) ;—to ' Kiblaah ' turns  
 " (The Seat of Worship) when he kneels in prayer ;—  
 " With due prostrations bows, and counts his beads  
 " Where'er he be—at rise and set of sun.—  
 " In far Roumelia, where the Turk still reigns,  
 " Descendant of the tyrant Caliphas,  
 " The Soonic Sect prevail, and hold the gates  
 " Of Mecca and the Prophet's Tomb ; but here  
 " The faithful Sheahs exceed the rival sect,  
 " And the Moharrum's sorrowing rites proclaim  
 " Their tried fidelity to the Prophet's race

“ In annual grief for Hasan, Hosein, slain—  
“ (Ali’s and Fatima’s time-honored sons),  
“ First victims to the Soonie’s treachery.—

“ Nine centuries have passed since fierce Mahmoud,  
“ Of Ghuzni’s race, by conquest stretched his sway  
“ From Indus to the Ganges, and first taught  
“ The Faith to Hindustan.—Two centuries more,  
“ And wild Khorassan’s hordes o’er-ran the soil,  
“ And fixed the Moslem seat of empire where  
“ Rise Delhi’s shrines.—The bloody Afghauns next  
“ Spread desolation ’neath the Crescent’s Flame  
“ Among their brethren of the common faith.

“ Then Timour, the victorious Tartar Chief,  
“ Four hundred years ago, first placed his foot  
“ On Delhi’s Peacock throne—Proud Tamerlane !—  
“ And founder of the Moghul Empire, reigned  
“ First of that mighty Dynasty ; whence sprung  
“ The glorious Baber, whose imperial sway  
“ (Maintained in honor ’neath the world-wide names  
“ Of the wise Abkar, pompous Aurengzebe)—  
“ Stretched o’er the hundred nations of the East  
“ ’Twixt Indus and the Himalaya range  
“ To the South Cape of distant Comorin.—

“ In one short century was swept away


“ This world from Moslem-Rule.—The Crescent bowed  
 “ Before the Island Conquerors, whose Flag  
 “ Of Victory waves o’er every land and sea—  
 “ ‘ On whose wide empire the sun never sets.’—  
     “ The Moslem Crescent bowed !—But ere your rule  
 “ Extended from the coast an arrow’s flight —  
 “ The pride of Delhi fell.     The Persian came—  
 “ The grasping Nadir Shah—and swept away  
 “ The wealth of ages, whilst his cruel sword  
 “ In indiscriminate slaughter slew alike  
 “ True Mussulmaun and Pagan Infidel.—  
 “ Then sank the honor of the Moghul name—  
 “ A bye-word of the past.—The sovereignty  
 “ Crushed in its power, an easy prey became  
 “ To every fierce marauder.—Blood was shed  
 “ Like water, and the Glory of the East  
 “ Seemed to have set for ever.—Till there rose,  
 “ With an o’erwhelming brilliancy of light,  
 “ The star of Britain, and the nations bowed  
 “ Before her Standard—badge of Victory !—

“ ’Twas then, my Grand-sire on affairs of state,  
 “ Touching the rapid growth of English power,  
 “ On a far embassy from Delhi came,  
 “ Bound to the Deccan Court—his future home,  
 “ And soon attained both eminence and wealth.

“ There my loved father learnt the soldier’s art  
 “ Before he held command in Hyder’s wars.”

Here Linkah paused, but yielding to my wish,  
 To learn from her what strange fatality  
 Had cast her lot upon the Burman coast—  
 A Moosulmaune by race, Burmese by birth,  
 And versed in subjects far beyond the reach  
 Of the majority of Indian maids ;  
 She glanced at Patrick, and his smile approved  
 Compliance with the wishes of his friend.  
 Then Linkah thus, with sadder look, resumed :—

### Linkah’s Story.

“ cenes of grim violence and wild romance  
 “ Chequered the fortunes of my earlier days.—  
 “ My Father, Roostam Khan, a Chief of note  
 “ In Hyder’s Camp, had gained the confidence  
 “ Of the sagacious Hastings—cause enough  
 “ To rouse suspicion in the Tyrant’s mind  
 “ And doom his fall.—My Father, warned in time,  
 “ Barely escaped the usual fate prepared  
 “ For those whom despots fear.      Though Hastings strove  
 “ To induce th’ indignant Chief his sword to draw  
 “ In England’s rising cause, my loyal sire

" Refused a traitor's part.      By British aid  
 " He fled to Burmah, where his martial fame  
 " Gained him a high command in Ava's wars,  
 " And favor of his Prince—' the Victorious Lord  
 " Of the White Elephant and Golden Foot.'—  
     " Long after Hyder's death, some daring act  
 " Made him obnoxious to the Burman Court.—  
 " Struggling for life, he seized on Martaban,  
 " A boundary Town and Fortress near the coast  
 " Of Siam and Rangoon, and held the post  
 " For several years.      Worn out by constant feuds,—  
 " And disappointed in their cherished hopes  
 " Of indiscriminate plunder—daily some  
 " Desert the banner of their aged chief.  
     " 'Twas not my Father's character to yield  
 " Howe'er hemmed-in by enemies ; but now  
 " O'erwhelmed by numbers, destitute of arms,  
 " With food and ammunition failing fast,  
 " He vowed to blow the Fortress in the air,  
 " Unless his foes would pledge their word to spare  
 " His family and the few gallant friends  
 " Still faithful to his cause.      Those terms confirmed,  
 " He would the stronghold yield, surrendering too  
 " (Prizes more coveted) himself and wealth.  
     " My Mother's sire, a Burman, high in power,  
 " But never to my Father a true friend—

" Was now his foe in arms. (The terms proposed,  
 " Alike his avarice and ambition suit,  
 " For the alliance with the Moslem Chief  
 " Injured his prospects at the Burman Court).  
 " He sware unto my Father, on his Sword,—  
 " Their arms laid down—the garrison were free  
 " To separate unmolested ;—with himself,  
 " My Mother and her child should find a home.

" My high-souled Father having thus secured  
 " Safety for those he loved far more than life—  
 " And for himself burial with Moslem rites—  
 " Content, surrendered.

" Sentenced to be shot,  
 " He fell,—covered with wounds, but yet survived  
 " To bless his child, and urge my Mother's flight  
 " From Burmah to Vellore, where she would find  
 " Bencath his loyal kindred's sheltering power,  
 " More honor in her Moslem-widowhood,  
 " Than in her native land. Her plans suspect,  
 " She was destroyed by poison. I was spared,  
 " And educated in my Grandsire's home  
 " With more than usual care,—destined perchance  
 " For a far different lot to that which fate  
 " Awarded, when—a Prisoner of War—  
 " I bowed my Victor's prize,—my Patrick's bride."

The Faith of Linkah grew in her own heart,  
 Midst wide conflicting doctrines, she had framed  
 A code of Truth and Error for herself—  
 Her conscience judge between her and her God.

There are pure minds which education leaves  
 Untaught in the wide paths of right and wrong,  
 Which a paternal Providence instructs,  
 And homeward guides through sufferings and love.

The Heathen rites, as practised in her own  
 Or India's Temples, she intensely scorned.  
 Her Buddite Mother's blind, unthinking Faith  
 In the gross mysteries of nonentity  
 Beyond the grave, as taught by Burman Priests,  
 Touched no responsive chord within her heart.  
 But her loved Moslem Father had instilled  
 Lofty conceptions of the attributes  
 Of Allah—pure and loving, holy, just,—  
 Enkindling in her mind celestial hopes.

The ocean, mountain, forest, were to her  
 The sanctuaries of God. She would not pray  
 In temples built by man, nor bend the knee  
 In worship.

“Fanes are built and knees  
 Are bent to Idols!”<sup>1</sup>

Yet her creed was clear, intelligent.

She saw in all things, Allah's, Brahma's works,  
 And happy in herself, each beauteous ray  
 Of nature's glory and magnificence,  
 Reflected on her mind a kindling spark  
 Of mental adoration. She would gaze  
 Intently on the landscape lighted by  
 The rising or the setting sun, then veil  
 Th' expressive workings of her face, and bend  
 Her head—her arms low folded o'er her breast—  
 In contemplation silent, motionless.

But it were vain to question of her thoughts  
 At those still times—she 'd smile, but answered not.

Her creed in practice was devoted love,  
 Honor and truth to him, her heart's free choice—  
 And confidence and friendship for his friend,  
 With kindness active, generous to all.  
 None ere appealed to her in vain, and she  
 Could spare the heart's warm alms of pitying love  
 For those whom earthly trials tempt to stray,  
 Sorrowing beyond the path of right. For her,  
 Death had no terrors—and the Suttee's Pile  
 She held beyond all price. Not as a Rite  
 Of Hindu Paganism, but as it might give  
 Re-union with him she loved on earth,  
 And speed her flight to Heaven ; where the good



In the Eternal Presence would exist,  
 Robed in the essence of Eternity—  
 Purity—Happiness—and Endless Youth.

Sweet Child of Ind ! Thy native sun had stamp'd  
 Its dazzling brightness and its fervent warmth  
 Deep in thy heart, gilding thy fancy's eye  
 With purest pictures of a present life,  
 And certainty of bliss in that to come.  
 In that bright realm thou couldst no shadow see,  
 To cloud a home of glory.

“ Pain and crime  
 “ Can never be a part of spirits' homes !—  
 “ If cloud and dew on earth bring shade and flowers—  
 “ Fatigue and toil necessitate repose—  
 “ Whilst pain and sorrow call forth sympathy—  
 “ And every ill brings counterpoise of good,—  
 “ What must that world be where nor cloud nor toil,  
 “ Nor sickness, pain, nor sorrow, will be found ?”

“ But if on earth such sorrow should be thine,  
 “ And he, on whom thy heart is fixed, should die ?”

“ Oh ! then I'd live no longer !—Wherefore live  
 “ When Allah's blessings are exhausted here ?  
 “ I'll seek him in the Heavens, and live again.”

“ But it is sin 'gainst Allah to destroy  
 “ The life He gave, 'till He recall the gift.”

“ That cannot be, for you destroy your foes,  
 “ And their lives are not yours—as is your own.—  
 “ Allah gave *them* their lives.

“ My Father paid  
 “ His life a ransom for those whom he loved,  
 “ And dying saw the gates of Paradise  
 “ Ope to receive him ; whilst bright forms of light  
 “ Waved their green kerchiefs to him in the air.—  
 “ He said his little Linkah too should share  
 “ That bright Elysium—and his word was truth !  
 “ And I have striven to do good to all,  
 “ And to be happy in the good I have,  
 “ And honor the Good Spirit in my heart !”

“ Linkah, you argue wrong—you practice right;—  
 “ Reverse the former. Life lent you by God  
 “ You must preserve, till He recall the gift ;  
 “ 'Tis His, not YOURS.—But 'tis a double crime  
 “ To take another's life. It both belongs  
 “ To God, and to His Creature.”

“ You are of  
 “ The Soldier Caste !—You think it wrong to slay  
 “ An enemy !—If so—why bear a sword ?”<sup>32</sup>

Linkah ! the look of scorn with which your words  
 Were uttered, passed away.     You thought I spoke  
 In jest.—But no ! A soldier tho' I was  
 To take man's life, was to my mind a sin,  
 Howe'er betinselled by the " bubble " Fame.

At best, " Red Glory " 's murder legalized,  
 To justify the soldier's bloody trade  
 For motives of high policy, and to make  
 A hero of the slayer of his kind.

*War—is the Curse of Cain*, inscribed in blood,  
 Within the heart of man.     The natural growth  
 Of the first Fratricide.     That Curse survived  
 The retribution which the Deluge wrought  
 On the first slayer's entire progeny.

God marked the sin of Cain upon his brow—  
 An infamy—and drove him forth an exile.  
 We *call* him *Murderer* still—but in our hearts  
 His fratricidal sin is idolized  
 As glory ; and the warrior wins his way  
 O'er fields of slaughtered man to Victory's Fane,  
 Where the surviving few their demigod adore.

The cool invigorating breath of night  
 Was floating by as Linkah ceased to speak,  
 Charged with refreshing dews.     The expanding chest,  
 Heaving with renovated life, inhales

Delicious draughts of pure elastic air,  
 To quench the panting thirst of gasping lungs.  
 How rich that change from sultry oven-heat  
 Of tropic mid-day! Then in languor droops,  
 All energy relaxed. The listless mind  
 Exerts no more its attribute—to think.  
 The Poet dreams no longer, but receives  
 Rich drowsy visions of a tropic life  
 Thro' his half clos-ed eyelids. But with night  
 Life's torpid energies again revive,  
 In calm enjoyment of their powers, and make  
 The consciousness of living a delight.

The breath of night sails by with those low, strange  
 And stilly sounds that float upon its wing  
 From desert and from forest. The hushed crowd  
 Sharing the general influence of repose,  
 Seem wrapped, with nature, in a voiceless trance.

Athwart the curve of fleet Toombodrah's stream,  
 Soft glimmering thro' a vista of tall trees,  
 The young moon's beam, in haste to quit the night,  
 Glances, or star-specked from the ripple's crest,  
 Or gleams continuous in a narrow streak  
 Of silver sheen from the calm river's face,  
 As the breeze swells or languishes away.

All else is yawning blackness save the stars  
 High twinkling overhead, and myriad sparks  
 Of twinkling fire-flies that disport below  
 In the deep void of darkness. Suddenly  
 Burst lurid gleams of flashing light around,  
 And every rock glares out in red and black ;  
 A score of dusky figures spring in sight  
 And brandish flaming torches round their heads,  
 Like frenzied maniacs, whilst their voices rise  
 In chorus to their movements. With a bound  
 They close around us. Linkah starts,—then smiles  
 To see her savage escort, but awards  
 Due credit to the authors of the jest,  
 And most effective picture. The torches' glare  
 Guides our descending steps. The level gained,  
 Horses and palanquin in waiting stand  
 To bear us on our night-march—and we leave  
 The Mounds of Beijenugger with a sigh.—

Once and again as lingering we rode  
 Behind the cavalcade, regretfully  
 We turned to gaze a thoughtful last adieu !  
 Back to those preternatural solitudes,  
 Where we had learnt to harmonise our thoughts  
 With that drear lifeless legendary tomb  
 Of other days. No voice their silence broke,  
 Save Echo's,—answering to our horses' tread.

Blackly and harshly the rough outlines reared  
 Against the spangled star-vault, 'till a grove  
 Of Date-palms screened our view. Then spurring on  
 Our convoy we regained, and hailed the flash  
 Of glaring torch on river, rock and tree,—  
 The hum of voices, and the rapid tread  
 Of many feet, timed to the Bearer's chant.

How strangely memory after years unveils,  
 With all the circumstance of sound and sight,  
 That Indian night-march !

Strange, too, how often sounds

Whisper the soul thro' the unheeding ear  
 Old tales of life or fancy—which the heart  
 Drank-in in other days.—They 're not forgot,  
 Though sleeping thro' long years unconsciously,  
 Till a chance cadence vibrates the old chord,  
 Then all spring back to life. The hour,—the spot—  
 Where cherished scenes of the dear "Auld Lang Syne"  
 Brightened the world before us, not then dimmed  
 By dull satiety, or blighted hopes.

For many a mile our lengthened march has stretched  
 Along the river's bank, and now we reach  
 The ford, at midnight, where diverging roads  
 Announce the hour of separation come.  
 A broad white sheet of foaming water rolls  
 Between the distant banks, and to prolong

The last few parting moments, I assist  
To guide in safety Linkah thro' the tide.

Then come those last farewells, which even now  
Grate keenly on the heart-strings—as each strove  
To shroud his depth of feeling with a tone  
Of cheerful—— sadness! The last cigar is lit—  
The stirrup-cup is drained. I plunge my steed  
Back midst the foaming waters' brawling roar  
And so begin my solitary way. Above the din  
I hear the manly hail of Patrick's voice—  
And answer with a cheer.—Our *last* farewell!

Far—on the margin of a tranquil lake—  
My white tent glimmers in the fitful light  
Of watchman's fire. Welcome sight to those  
Who wander in the wilderness by night!  
The hounds' deep bay,—the wakeful sentry's cry,—  
The glance of half seen arms, which sudden flash  
The gleam of ruddy flame,—the tawny forms  
Half veiled in white,—the Arab charger's neigh,—  
Are dearly welcome! Welcome the rough couch—  
The short but thankful prayer,—the dreamless sleep,—  
The care-free traveller of the Jungle knows!

Brave, generous Patrick! thou and Linkah blend  
Inseparably with a crowd of thoughts  
And scenes of golden days, from which with pain  
I turn my mind away.

## The Neilgherry Heights,

Where we first met that evening at the Pass,  
With their deep valleys and blue mountain tops,  
Rise as a waking vision on my sight.

Those Indian Alps, basked in a soft repose,  
More exquisite and soothing in its truth  
Than ever visited the slumbering eyes  
Of fancy in the glimpses of a dream !—

The smile of nature's loveliness reveals  
A secret to the soul, which nestles down  
Silent within the treasury of the heart,  
There undisturbed to dwell for many a year,  
And then reviving with its freshest look,  
Imparts a soft warm coloring to all things  
Associate with it in our memories.—

And most to you, my friends, as I recall  
With more than natural clearness every line  
And feature of those scenes.     There stood our tents  
Close by the wooded cliff that cast its shade  
Over our morning meal ; and there the rill  
Of crystal water, babbling down its side,—  
Sacred to Linkah ;—whose privilege it was  
To cool our sherbet—draw the sparkling draught  
Fresh from the source.     There stretched the level turf,



Where, in the cool of eve, we hurled the quoit,  
And often paused to list to Linkah's song.

There the wild arbour—screened by native flowers  
From evening's chilly breeze—where nature spread  
Below, around, above her wondrous works,  
Scattered in reckless prodigality  
Of magic beauty. Changing shadows gave  
With varying tints new life to each known scene  
As the warm ray of eve, retiring, left  
Dell, hill and rock in darkness 'neath the shade  
Of screening mountains, whilst the far-off plains  
Still streamed with brilliant glory.

Then was heard,  
Softening the heart with evening's varied sounds,  
The hum of insect—the sweet song from the grove—  
The distant fall of water wafted by  
On the rich perfumed air.

There twinkling back,  
Fanned by the zephyr-wing of evening breeze,  
The crisping ripples sparkled on the stream  
Beneath its gilded cliffs kissed by the gleam  
Of the declining sun.

Down with a plunge  
Sunk the round molten Orb, and quickly veiled  
The world in neutral shade. No twilight there  
Lengthens the eve. A faint reflected light

From the high zenith lends a coloring  
 Unearthly, strange and weirdly beautiful,  
 (Like the obscuring gleam of an eclipse),  
 To the grey Alpine rocks, and darkling glens.—  
 The towering mountains soaring to the skies,  
 Swell in their solemn grandeur.—Valleys lie  
 In mystic shadows lost.—In distance, glance  
 The foaming waters of a mountain fall.—  
 Far sparkling, like the fire-fly's meteor lamp,  
 The Ryot's cottage-light flashes and dics.

The dark'ning sky is faintly visible,  
 Outlined with deeper blackness by the mass  
 Of threatening granite in confusion piled  
 Up to the vault of Heaven. Suddenly,  
 Millions of sparkling diamonds stud the Dome  
 And dye its darkness with the deepest blue ;  
 As if by magic.

Memory turns again  
 To ruined Humpce's Mounds ;—there blend our tales  
 Of India's Pagan rites with Linkah's dreams  
 Of her *new* world.—Ah ! were she living now,  
 No stauncher votary would Saint Brewster need  
 To the high truth "*there are more worlds than one.*"

But in the vast "*Plurality of Worlds,*"  
 Linkah's was aye a copy of our own !<sup>33</sup>  
 And what world then could brighter be to her,

If free from partings, sufferings and care ;  
 Where we might range at will—no duties call  
 To summon us from mountain, field or flood ?

Her's was a charming vision realized,  
 Or nearly, by those halcyon days of bliss—  
 A brief but transitory happiness—  
 Which, in the lapse of time, to memory seems  
 Like some fair silvery river floating by  
 In tranquil peacefulness,—as if no change  
 Could ere disturb its surface,—and we drank  
 Deep of the happiness its waters brought,  
 As if divining then it could not last.

And nothing of that time, save memory,  
 Is left.—E'en then a threatening cloud hung o'er  
 Their heads, unconscious, fore-darkening with shade  
 The smiling picture of their youthful love.

Patrick ! I lost thee my loved friend by death,  
 Not such as thou hadst bravely faced before  
 In battle-field, but lingering from wounds  
 Dealt by a tiger's fang in Jaulnah's Wilds ;  
 And Linkah, gentlest, truest of her sex,  
 E'en Death could not part from thee, and you left  
 Your friend in solitude to mourn your fates !  
 Dark is the Tale !—

Most terrible, most sad,

Yet stirring, was the savage scene that closed  
In manhood's early prime, thy brief career.

### The Tiger-fight.

One sultry night, encamped on Jaulnah's Plains,  
Patrick, with several friends, was talking o'er  
His late excursion to old Humpee's Mounds,  
When a Shikari brought the exciting news  
That in a jungle scarce a league away  
From the encampment, as the day closed in,  
He marked a Tiger crouching o'er the corpse  
Of a dead herdsman. The Shikari pledged  
Himself would show the spot at early dawn;  
Meantime returning he would watch till then  
The "Khanahwalla,"—whose prodigious size  
Was amply dwelt on.

All was bustle now,—  
Rifles examined, powder and bolts prepared,  
Pistols and creeses fitted to their belts;—  
Each Mahout warned to hold in readiness  
His hunting elephant ere break of day;  
And then excitement slept, and deep repose  
Sunk o'er the camp.

An hour before the dawn  
Of that disastrous day rose high the note  
Of preparation.     Soon, in close array,  
The hunters (mounted on the Howdah'd back  
Of trusty elephants, well trained to drive  
The tiger from his lair) commence their march,  
And silently approach the trysting place.

Scarcely revealed by the uncertain light  
Of the still lingering dawn a darkling form  
Glides slowly from a nullah—cowering down ;—  
Then with a step so stealthy, you scarce trace  
The change of posture, it creeps slowly towards  
Th' expectant group of hunters.     Suddenly  
It sinks into the earth.

A deep, fierce growl  
Sounds from the nullah—and a tiger springs  
As if by magic from the ground, and shows  
His stately form—much magnified in size  
By the uncertain light,—upon the spot,  
O'er which but now that cowering figure crept.  
Again a threatening growl expressed his ire,  
As he surveyed the number of his foes.  
Slow glaring round his fiery eyes, he sprang  
Back in the chasm—a savage roar expressed

His lordly anger, and defiance hurled  
Against his enemies.

“ He ’s game,” exclaimed  
An old experienced hand.     “ ’Tis no child’s play  
“ We have before us ;—had he meant to fly,  
“ He’d have sneaked off in silence and unseen.  
“ Now war’s declared.—See ! the Shikari comes.  
“ Well, brother ! he was close upon your track.”

“ I knew it, but was safe.—I moved away  
“ When your advance disturbed him at his meal.  
“ ’T was not at me he growled.     An hour ago  
“ He heard your coming, and he raised his head  
“ Uneasily, and listened ;—then ’twas time  
“ For me to clear the ground.”

“ Say—will he stand  
“ A fight?”

“ Ah ! that he will ; he had not left  
“ His prey last night, had he no stronghold near.  
“ Now he will seek the safest, but not quit  
“ The fastness near the Nullah.

“ Those fires beyond  
“ Will scare him from the Hills, should he incline  
“ To break—but he will not.—The river flows  
“ Below, and elsewhere lies the open plain.  
“ He can’t escape us now, unless he breaks

“ Your line, and then”—

“ A quick and steady aim !”

“ ’Tis well ! Till the sun’s higher, here we rest ;  
 “ For all will need light and a watchful eye  
 “ To strike a tiger in that matted brake.”

Coffee was soon produced, and the cheroot  
 Added its slender curl of vapoury smoke  
 To the pale mists of morn—dispersing fast  
 Before the mounting sun.

Across the plain

A horseman rides at speed, direct from camp ;  
 ’Tis one of Patrick’s Sahis, and he bears  
 A note traced in the Burman character.  
 O’er Patrick’s brow a passing angry flush  
 Disturbs its usual calm.—Then with a smile  
 He scratches a few words in that same tongue,  
 And sends the horseman back.—’Twas Linkah’s prayer  
 That he’d be warned by an ill-omened dream  
 She had that night (a sad presentiment  
 Which oft precedes—shadowing in advance—  
 The coming gloom), and not expose himself  
 To danger in the chase.

“ To saddle, lads !”

And each remounts his howdah.      Cautiously

The sagacious elephants feel every step,  
 Examine every bush, and often sound  
 Their short shrill trumps—a certain sign they know  
 The game is near. And first they draw the ground  
 About some scattered clumps, skirting a gorge,  
 Tangled with plants of matted growth. No trace  
 Is found of their late visitor.

'Tis clear he lurks

In the dense fastnesses they now approach,  
 And hem-in on *one* side—the *other* flanked  
 By a steep, rocky precipice. Below,  
 Some thirty feet, there winds the sandy bed  
 Of the broad Nullah, for the moment, dry—  
 During "The Rains," a torrent's rapid course.  
 A corresponding cliff on th' other side  
 Forms a deep yawning chasm. The Nullah's bed  
 Keen-eyed Shikaris watch, and horsemen hang  
 Upon the brow of the opposing hill  
 To head the Quarry back, should he break out  
 And spring the chasm. Hemmed-in on every side,  
 He must, or boldly fight, or stand a siege.

"Now, forward slowly!"——

Sudden in the air

Old Akbar lifts his trunk—sounds the attack—  
 And rushing through the brushwood drives his tusks



“ That pile of broken rocks, with deep caves pierced,  
“ And densely clothed with interwoven plants,  
“ Is sure to prove his fastness.      Let us drive  
“ In a close circle round it.”

" 'Tis strange he won't show fight!—Now close your ranks!—  
 " He can't escape, unless he breaks our line.  
 " Patrick! will you dismount, and climb the cliff  
 " Across the Nullah facing his retreat,  
 " And flank the torrent's bed; then, if he spring  
 " The chasm—take him flying!—Your double tubes  
 " And steady eye, are worth a brace of guns!"

Down from his howdah Patrick lightly sprang,  
 Pleased with a post where a clear shot might tell  
 With steadier aim than from the howdah's seat.  
 And soon his shout announced that he had gained  
 The opposing precipice. Close to the brink  
 He stands. His watchful eye guards every pass,  
 And glances o'er the shady cavernous holes,  
 Formed 'twixt the masses of the shattered rocks,  
 Each well adapted for a sally-port,  
 Whence, by one monstrous bound, the agile foe  
 Might clear the chasm—ere the eye could trace  
 More than the meteor gleam of his fierce glance—  
 And reach the broken ground stretched out beyond.

His ambuscade assured—all now push on,  
 And soon surround the tiger's last retreat,  
 Reduced to half an acre; but the ground  
 Demands strict vigilance, for every step  
 Is tenable by a determined foe,  
 And as the hunters girdle closer in  
 The savage quarry, each projecting rock  
 Level with, or above the howdah's top,  
 May offer a good springing point.—

But he

Declines th' attack. The sportsmen now enclose  
 That threatening pile of rocks. The elephants

Can do no more. Each takes th' allotted post,  
Facing the hidden foe, so as to share  
The ground among them, and command a space  
Open for action. Obstructing boughs and shrubs  
Are torn and trampled down at the command  
Of the controlling Mahouts. All is clear.

In vain, with shouts and cries, they try to start  
The ambushed foe—unseen, but watching all.

“ A shower of grenades flung among the rocks,  
“ Perhaps will rouse ‘ His Highness’<sup>34</sup> to a charge.”

As each explodes, the hunter bends his eye  
Watchfully o'er his tube, so near the lair,  
One bound may bring him on you.

A deep growl,

And then a savage roar, follows the last  
Explosion. Guided by the sound, each eye  
In eager watchfulness is fixed upon  
A dark cavernous opening in the rocks,  
Half veiled by pendant loops of trailing plants—  
But all is silent, motionless.—

“ Dost think

“ Th' explosion killed him ?”

“ He 's here ! look out !”—

Bounding he came, in a magnific charge,  
Hurling a yell of fury ; his bloodshot eyes,  
Like meteors gleam, and his terrific jaws  
Distended wide, bristle with rending fangs.—  
Two monstrous springs have cleared the further rocks—  
He doubles-up again.     Another spring  
And he will break the line, and gain once more  
The open jungle.     An elephant in front  
Turns tail in fright, and shrieking scours away  
Through the dense Bush, regardless in his flight  
Of those he bears aloft.     One shot had hit  
The tiger in mid-air, scattering the fur,  
Unheeded, from his flank :—another ball,  
Ere that third bound was made, struck the fore leg,  
Breaking the bone.     The tiger springing short,  
Plunged cowed amidst the brushwood, and sneaked back  
Beneath the cover to his former lair.

'The recreant elephant, whose sudden flight  
Had nearly lost the day, subdued at length,  
Stalks sullen back.     'The native driver, perched  
Across his rugged neck, reviles his charge  
With bitterest reproach—most keenly felt—  
And forces the sagacious animal,  
Conscious of deep disgrace, back to the fight.  
Drooping his trunk with look of painful shame,  
All crest-fallen, he resumes his former post.

Hark ! Patrick shouts impatiently to learn  
 The chances of the fray, regretting now  
 His post so distant from the stirring scene  
 Of the late short encounter.—Others urge  
 A close pursuit on foot,—unskilled, they deem  
 Their vigorous foe subdued.

“ A broken leg,”  
 Shouts one, “ and all those wounds have done their work,  
 “ Let ’s in and end him now.”

“ Beware, my lad,  
 “ His spring is deadly still.—A hind leg snapt  
 “ Might stint his bounds,—the fore-leg scarce will check  
 “ The range of his next spring,—but he will skulk  
 “ Within his fastness now till forced to quit  
 “ His hiding-place by fire.

“ So fire the grass !—  
 “ Some blazing brushwood thrust between the rocks !—  
 “ Nothing will rouse him now but flame and smoke.”

And ready hands obey the prompt command,  
 But e’en that last resource now fails to scare  
 The sullen tiger from his fire-girt den.

Swift skims the blaze along the parched-up grass,  
 Lapping with lambent tongue the shattered crags,  
 And fires the crackling brushwood.      Fiercely now

The flames dart upwards whirling flakes of fire  
 Among the loftier trees, and streams of smoke  
 From every cavernous fissure slowly curl.

Now ever and anon an ominous growl,  
 Low muttered, as in pain or fear, proceeds  
 From those deep caves,—now here—now there—the sound.

More than one random shot has crashed among  
 Those dens obscure, as rolling wreaths of smoke  
 Loom like the shadowy outline of the foe—  
 Skulking within impenetrable gloom.  
 Still higher mount the flames ; a stifling heat,  
 With gusts of pungent smoke oppress the breath,  
 And blind the watering eye.—

“ Hark ! Patrick shouts ! ”

“ He’s breaking to the right ! ”

A breath of air  
 Just lifts the veil of smoke enough to show  
 The tiger springing on old Akbar’s trunk,  
 Then shrouds again the view.

Short savage yells—  
 The elephant’s shriek of pain—the crash of boughs—  
 The rifles’ half-seen flash—the whizzing balls—  
 Mixed with Shikaris’ cries, and shouts for aid  
 From the thick canopy of involving smoke,  
 Blend with confusion feelings of dismay.

But now the wind sweeps back the gathered cloud  
 Across the yawning chasm, and reveals  
 The upshot of the skirmish. Akbar's front  
 Bears bloody witness to sufficient cause  
 For his shrill trumps. The enemy is gone,  
 But where, could no one trace. A deep, red stain  
 On Akbar's ivory tusk bears evidence  
 He did not go unscathed. The howdah-tent  
 Swept from its place by a projecting bough,  
 Had hurled one hunter from his lofty seat,  
 Amidst the thorny brushwood ; the other clung  
 Suspended to a branch in middle air.  
 No serious hurt sustained, a merry burst  
 Of boisterous laughter greets their comic plight.

'Twas then—amidst that merriment—a roar,  
 And one sharp startling shot burst from the shroud  
 Of smoke beyond the chasm ; then a fall  
 Resounded from the Nullah's bed that shook  
 The very ground below.

A fearful lull,  
 Scarce broken by the crackling flame succeeds—

“ Patrick ! where are you ? ”

The echoing rocks around  
 Repeat the shout ! and echo back the words

“ Patrick ! where are you ?”

From a naked rock,  
Near the cliff's edge, a native hunter points  
Down to the depths below, then shades his eyes  
As from a scene of horror.

On its back  
The tiger lay, to all appearance dead,  
And Patrick motionless (his rifle grasped  
As in the act of firing, smoking still),  
Leant bleeding 'gainst the tiger's tawny side.  
To the repeated shouts of those above,  
Poor Patrick turned a stunned bewildered look,  
Then feebly made a failing trial to rise.

Already some—clinging to trees and roots,  
Reckless of peril, spring, in hope to save,  
Down the precipitous cliffs—and almost reach  
The Nullah's bed. A loosened mass of stone,  
By chance detached, strikes with a stinging blow  
The tiger's shattered leg, rousing to life  
The stunned and wounded brute ; he slowly turns  
And rolls upon his side. Poor Patrick strives  
To draw a pistol from his belt, but ere  
He grasps the stock, the tiger's opening jaws  
Have closed upon his arm. His friends, tho' near,  
Have not the power to aid, for in their haste



To succour him, each had his rifle dropt  
 Ere venturing down the dangerous chasm's side ;  
 And those above dare not to send a ball,  
 Which tho' well aimed might, glancing, strike their friend.  
 Fresh wounds not fatal would exasperate  
 The tiger, and imperil Patrick more.

Meantime, the tiger limping, drags along  
 His victim o'er the Nullah's stony bed,  
 Himself well nigh exhausted ;—then he stops  
 To glare insatiate on his enemies.

Rousing his fiercest feelings of revenge,  
 He shakes with savage force his helpless prey,  
 Then drops him down, and lays himself beside,  
 Lapping the welling blood, now from his own,  
 Now from poor Patrick's wounds.

How to describe

The quiet horror of that scene below—  
 The active efforts of intrepid friends,  
 Springing from rock to rock to gain a point  
 From which a well-aimed ball might close the fight,—  
 The conflagration fiercely spreading round,  
 With threatening flame and suffocating smoke—  
 Baffles my pen.

But see ! That rifle crack  
 Has sped a well-aimed bolt ; the lead has scalped

The thick-boned skull, and cowed by former wounds,  
 The tiger springs aside, and Patrick lies  
 In safety from the shot.

A shower of balls,  
 With aims too hasty, wound, but do not kill.

The raging beast—reckless of safety now,  
 But fiercely bent to slay—turns on his foes,  
 Who, in their zeal to save their hapless friend,  
 Plunged down the precipice unarmed, and stand  
 Almost defenceless on the Nullah's bed—  
 The unresisting victims of his rage.

Half sheltered by a fragment of the cliff,  
 Left by the torrent in its stormy course,  
 Serving for breastwork and as pistol-rest  
 For steadier aim, with stern resolve they wait  
 His near approach, then slowly bend behind  
 Their rampart. The o'erhanging cliff  
 Conceals the combatants from those above,  
 Who tremble for their fate.

The tiger comes  
 Slowly and watchful. Scarce three paces off,  
 He crouches for a spring.—

“ Now, steady—Fire !”

Struck in the eye, he staggers slowly back.  
 His courage gone—the head drooped low—the tongue

Lolled out from thirst and agony.     He stops  
 When passing Patrick—wistfully he glares  
 His bloodshot eye upon his prostrate foe,  
 Grudging to leave the warm blood of his prey,  
 He had not force to rend, unlapped.

    Ere this,

Patrick recovering, from his belt had drawn  
 A pistol.     Still and motionless he lay—  
 The weapon 'cross his chest—aimed at his foe—  
 Ready for instant action.     Breath retained,  
 With eyes half closed, he watched each movement made  
 By his gaunt enemy, resolved to sell  
 His life full dearly, should those jaws again  
 Threaten his safety.     Scarce a cubit's span  
 Between them lies :—he feels upon his face  
 The brute's hot breath.     Oh God !     His self-command  
 Alone can save him ;—one slightest tremor now  
 Indicative of life—those fangs again  
 Would plunge into his flesh.     From the heights above  
 The levelled tubes point at the tiger's heart,  
 But still suspend their fire.     The monster droops  
 Again his mangled head, clotted with gore,  
 His glazing eye grows dim—a muttered growl  
 Expresses more of fury than of pain—  
 He feebly snorts to clear the trickling blood  
 From the impeded nostrils, sputtering forth

A crimson shower over Patrick's cheek.

Patrick!—nor fear of death nor agony  
 Could then restrain your bold impatient hand  
 At that last insult! Quick as thought: a flash!  
 And you are victor! Sinking by your side—  
 Shot through the heart—he falls without a groan.  
 Feebly you raise your head, give one faint cheer,  
 Then to oblivion yielded for a time  
 All sense of pain and triumph.

In every clime  
 Swift flies the news of ill, and from the camp  
 Comes speedy aid.

The surgeon bends him o'er  
 That form unconscious, and too soon recalls  
 The senses back to suffering. To staunch  
 The flowing blood—support the fainting strength  
 With stimulants—is all skill can devise,  
 Till rest restore the sinking powers of life.

Moving with gentlest care a palanquin  
 Conveys the sufferer. Running by his side,  
 A lad attends him, whose full watery eye  
 And lips convulsed, denote deep sympathy  
 In his loved master's fate.

The fresher air

Across the open plain, or—a loved voice  
 Low whispering in his ear—at once recalls  
 His scattered thoughts.

“ My Linkah ! is ’t *your dream*,  
 “ Or a most dead reality, that numbs  
 “ Alike my mind and body ?—If a dream,  
 “ Oh ! may I wake from it !—but ’tis too real,  
 “ And I am nothing but a living corpse !”

There was but one on earth who could have calmed  
 The burst of horrid consciousness that flashed  
 Across his mind—and she was by his side.  
 One desperate struggle to relieve her fears  
 He made, but made in vain.      His lower limbs  
 He felt were powerless—sensation gone !  
 An injury to the spine he knew the cause,  
 And with the thought, all wish for life had fled.

His noble nature rose to meet his fate—  
 Forgetful of himself, a feeble smile  
 Played o’er his features, as he gently pressed  
 His Linkah’s hand in his, and spoke her thoughts.

“ Linkah ! I know the strength of thy true heart,  
 “ And trust it !—Come what will—ne’er leave my side !”

One silent look expressed her gratitude.

Borne to his tent, and laid upon his couch,  
 The surgeon dressed his wounds—wounds serious,  
 But slight compared with inward injuries,  
 The fall from that o'erhanging cliff entailed.

He scarce knew what had happened. Midst the smoke  
 Whilst shouts and laughter sounded in his ears,  
 Two glaring balls, like lurid meteors shone,  
 From the dark cavern opposite his post,  
 A large dark form across the chasm sprung—  
 A fearful bound—and just attained the rock  
 On which poor Patrick stood, then falling, dragged  
 Its victim downward to the gulf below.  
 Full on the tiger's chest, the rifle charge  
 Had struck the solid bone, and blasting torn  
 The tawny hide away. His bulky frame  
 Cushioned the hunter's fall, or speedier death  
 Had further suffering spared.

Skill could but watch,  
 Or, aid in part, the efforts nature made,  
 His wounds and inward injuries to restore.  
 One only chance in constitution lay,  
 And vigorous health.—The brightest hope, alas !  
 A crippled, shattered frame—through life to need  
 Another's tending hand ; and one was there  
 Nerved to the arduous task, prepared to meet  
 Each dread emergency.

Thro' days and nights

Of agony, her hands alone relieve—  
 Her voice alone can soothe, his sufferings.  
 And she is ever by his restless couch  
 With gentle words to calm—refreshing draughts  
 To cool—the consuming fever which licks up  
 With fiery heat the shrinking stream of life ;  
 But her still grief she shrouds in her young breast—  
 A bitter secret, feeding on itself,—  
 And patient sits in dry-eyed wretchedness.

At length he sleeps, drugged by the poppy's balm,  
 And Linkah watching o'er him, almost hopes  
 His spirit ne'er again may wake to feel  
 His anguish past.

And silent evening comes,  
 Shedding its calm serene o'er every sense,  
 Wooing her heart with softening throbs of woe,  
 Back to past scenes of their fled happiness.

The sighing breeze, with languid rustling, plays  
 Among the colored pennons of the camp ;  
 Which catch the golden sunbeams, as the Orb  
 Sinking to rest, turns one warm parting smile  
 Over the lengthening shadows. Holy hour  
 Of peace, repose and prayer ; and oh ! how sweet  
 On India's fiery plains !

As night steals on,

The air, rich with fresh earthy scents, restores  
Strength to the weary, calm to the aching brow.

In mournful recollections, Linkah bends  
Her drooping head over the soldier's couch,  
And scarcely breathing, rests her cheek on his ;  
And half forgetful of her misery,  
Yields to the soothing influence of the hour,  
So tenderly associated with  
The holiest pictures in her memory.

A broken murmur trembles from her lips,  
And breathes in unpremeditated lay  
The simple harmonies of her native land,  
Which had so often lulled him to repose.  
But now the tones with quavering accents hang  
In lingering sadness, till the broken strain  
Dies away gently in its melody,  
And her sweet loving voice is hushed in tears.

    Ringing across the far-extending camp  
Into the mournful stillness of the night  
From the rough soldiery encamped around,  
Loud voices mixed with laughter, grating harsh  
Upon her startled ear, dispel her dream  
Of momentary half-forgetfulness—  
And wake afresh "the cruelty of grief,"  
With pangs of desolate hopelessness, that know



No consolation in their bitterness.

Soon night and silence shroud in deep repose  
The slumbering camp—no human sound disturbs  
That ominous quietude ; and darkness deep—  
More deep than that of night—looms threatening o'er  
Her evil-boding heart its sullen shades  
Of desolation, stamping its black dye  
Indelibly.

Now thro' the silence steal  
Strange questionable sounds.—The mournful cries  
Of the hushed night unconsciously arrest  
The listening ear, and quicken the heart's throb  
To felt pulsations, which the breath suppressed  
Seems to make audible. A nervous sense  
Of loneliness—a supernatural dread—  
May-be an awe of something undefined,  
Veiled in the obscurity of darkness—lends  
A mystic charm to night's imaginings  
In the still solitudes of forest life.

Such are the skulking Jackal's sudden howl—  
The Bittern's lonely boom—the Vampire's shriek—  
The heavy flapping of the night-Owl's wing  
Around the tent-roof, but an instant heard,  
Ere sailing off on downy pinion, sighs  
His plaintive "whitty-who!"—leaving the void  
To a portentous silence.

Whispering low,  
 The vaguely moaning breeze seems wailing o'er  
 The mournful memories of by-gone joys  
 With hushed foreboding sighs of future woe,  
 Then dies away in sadness.

High in air,  
 Thro' the fleet drifting films of veily clouds,  
 The "hurrying Moon" seems travelling with speed  
 "On some far journey bound"—far wandering thro'  
 Etherial space to an eternal home—  
 The home of Peace and Rest.

So Fancy broods  
 O'er Fancy's terrors in those solitudes  
 Of endless wilderness, till a chill creeps o'er  
 The shuddering frame.

But Linkah's spirit rose  
 Above Imagination's sway, nor long  
 Failed to regain its wont serenity. Her heart—  
 In the dim solitude of that long night—  
 Struggled with grief, and leaning trustfully  
 On an o'er-ruling Power she humbly bowed  
 To the predestined Fate by Allah willed,  
 Until an all-absorbing hope sprung up  
 From the warm yearnings of her love.—She pressed  
 Her hand upon her overflowing heart,  
 And held communion with her new-born hopes.

Her mental eye took refuge in the past—  
 Her father's fearless death—her childhood lone—  
 And Rangoon's bloody fight—the early dawn  
 Of her first—only love ;—then wandered far  
 Up to those distant mountains of pale blue,  
 Where passed her happiest hours, when cheering hope  
 Saw daily realized her earnest prayer  
 For Patrick's health restored ;—and Burman wounds  
 And fever felt the balmy power to heal  
 Of the blue Neilgherries' air.—But crippled now,  
 Those manly limbs could ne'er regain the strength  
 That stalwart sinewy form had once enshrined.  
 Deformed in frame, an invalid for life  
 One sorrowing hope is hers, to tend him still  
 With a devotion that long years should prove  
 Unchangeable.—Yes! 'twas a joy to her  
 Thus to devote her youth—her life to him.  
 But to his fiery spirit great must be  
 The trial were life spared.—A bursting sigh  
 From her nigh broken heart expressed her grief—  
 Her sigh was echoed by that being for whom  
 Her keenest sorrow sprung :—but still he slept,  
 Tho' suffering.—

The lagging hours of night—  
 All sadly traced by the cold moonlight beam,  
 Streaked by the tent-ropes' shadow on the ground—

Her lonesome watch is o'er—and steps approach—  
The well-known steps that each recurring morn  
With hope fallacious cheer th' expectant ear—  
And the Physicians' verdict now must fix  
His fate and—*hers*.

Resigned, his mind at rest,  
He prays that Linkah may embrace the Truth—  
The saving Truths on which his hopes are fixed  
And make his death-bed peaceful. To his words,  
Listening intent, she bows her gentle head ;  
And her full eye dilates with loftier views—  
But as in days of old—no words betray  
Her soul's emotions.

The tenor of his thoughts  
Breathed to her in his last faint words of love  
Were known to them alone.—Perchance he dwells  
Upon the plighted vow he made his bride—

In the solemn presence of the battle-field—  
 To cherish her with a devoted faith  
 And guard her love inviolate amid  
 The storms of life ; and now he thinks how soon  
 He may be taken from her—and he feels  
 How friendless and how beautiful she is—  
 To leave in the wide world alone.—Then breathed  
 A touching modulation in his tones  
 Which Linkah understands—Alas, too well !  
 But dares not speak her Soul's resolve !

His voice

Would whisper comfort in that native tongue  
 Which still she loved to hear ;—and most from him  
 As waking memories which were theirs alone,  
 And she would answer in low dulcet tones  
 And sometimes win a smile from him—till sobs  
 Veil-ed her voice.—Her interlacing arms  
 Would gently then wind round his neck—and sleep  
 Resign *him* to forgetfulness of pain—  
*Her*—to a calm despair—if grief so still  
 So gentle, so resigned merit a name  
 As harsh,—yet in its earthly hopelessness  
 It was Despair.—

Beneath that quiet grief

A touching history dwelt of young affections  
 All too rudely crushed—and now absorbed

In one fixed concentrated thought of him  
 Her love—her strength—her joy—life's end to her—  
 Excluding every consciousness of self  
 In an exalted soul-devotedness.

His life is ebbing fast.—In vacancy  
 Reason is flickering.—Conscious still at times  
 Of all that passes round him, he will gaze  
 Upon that earnest face, till large tears roll  
 In silence down her cheeks, now wan and thin  
 From constant watchfulness. Her restless eye  
 Marks every change in the dim fading lights  
 Of the once expressive face—fast settling down  
 To death's impassive mask.—

At length appear  
 Symptoms which leave no doubt, no hope behind ;—  
 Altho' a treacherous hectic flatters hope—  
 And pain has ceased—and mind again resumes  
 Its functions undisturbed by agony—  
 The second summer, which for a while precedes  
 Canadia's iron winter :—the pale light  
 Of Life's expiring taper—flashing up  
 For one short moment brightly ere it die.

And Linkah *knows* the worst. And from that hour  
 Though still more earnestly her deep eyes fix

Upon her dying husband—tears no more  
 Bedim their lustre. Firm in her resolve,  
 They flash if an intruding step disturb  
 Their secret commune.—

Night is closing in  
 And all is still as death. His numbered hours now—  
 Dwindled to minutes fleeting visibly—  
 Verge on eternity.

Her fingers seek  
 With listening touch the hesitating pulse  
 Of that frail heart so late in vigorous life.  
 Each throb appears the last.—She bends her o'er  
 His face, as if to catch the parting breath!—  
 Conscious! his eyes unclosed, and fix on her  
 A dying pledge of his unwavering love—

And so they gaze their last.—

Obedient to  
 The resolute movement of her hand—her slave—  
 Her faithful Burman slave—crouched shuddering down  
 In a dark corner of the tent—

Morn came—

Calm as a statue chiselled by the hand  
Of Chantrey—lay—in the cold sleep of death  
The young and gallant soldier.—

At his feet—

Coiled in a gentle bend preserved in death  
Rested the truthful Linkah.—True to him  
And true to her dark Faith.—Her forehead lay  
Pillowed upon his knees—her hand upon his heart—  
As seeking still in death the ebbing tide—  
A vial in her hand, revealed how Linkah died !—

Linkah ! I firmly trust this prayer included you—  
“ Father ! forgive them, for, they know not what they do ! ”



Door Patrick dying had to me bequeathed  
In solemn trust for Linkah's benefit  
Most of his worldly wealth.—That sacred trust  
Was void by Linkah's death, and passed away  
To distant kinsfolk. Patrick ! well you knew  
Had it been mine to obey your last behest  
With what fidelity I had discharged  
That solemn obligation to my friend ;  
But that last proof of love it was not mine to yield.



Slowly there came a deep and saddening gloom  
 O'er my once buoyant spirits, and the charm  
 Of the free eastern wilderness was gone.—  
 Its solitude became a loneliness  
 And desolation ; vainly did I seek  
 A where-with-all to fill the aching void  
 Left by my shattered friendships—for henceforth  
 I must pursue my pilgrimage alone  
 In that now stranger land.

A stunning sense

Of dread hung over me. Youth, strength and life  
 Seemed shadows ;—and my mind refused to dwell  
 On th' harrowing details of those death-bed scenes  
 Which left no glimpse of comfort :—And I shunned  
 The recollection of our intercourse  
 When *they* were emblems of young life and strength,  
 For the rebellious memory conjured up  
 The wretched contrast on that awful morn  
 Their spirits took their flight ;—and thus I felt  
 That I could think of nothing, save it were—  
 How I could best escape from thoughts of them.—

Ah ! what is man ! he flourishes to-day  
 In health and strength—a flower of the field ;—  
 To-morrow he is gone—his sand is run—  
 And his own place then knoweth him no more.—

The climate, or exposure to the mists  
 Of the unwholesome jungles had begun  
 To tell upon my health, and ague shook  
 My now debilitated frame, and I  
 Longed ardently to seek my native home.—  
 Chance seconded my wishes, and I left  
 The East for ever.



High two years had passed  
 When from an Indian friend a casket came  
 And a brief statement that a Burman girl  
 Brought it from Jaulnah, with a prayer that he  
 Would with all care convey it to my hands  
 Unopened—as it was a last bequest  
 From a once dear-loved friend.

Was it with *pain*  
 Or but a saddening interest, I gazed  
 Upon that sacred relic? Oft I willed  
 To restore that former tenement of Thought  
 To the damp *grave* !  
 'Twould see corruption then !  
 And it is all that now remains of her

Who seemed so late the essence of young life.  
 Mortality is most ephemeral  
 In its more sensitive forms of loveliness—  
 The fairer is the flower—the more 'tis frail !

It was not I unhallowed her lone grave—  
 This hand should have dropped off, ere it disturbed  
 With sacrilegious touch one glorious trait  
 Of that young beauty !

Was 't indeed the wish  
 Of her last moments that I should possess  
 This sacred relic—so bequeathed to me ?  
 Or the mistaken fealty of her slave  
 Who took the idle word on Humpees' Mounds  
 For a behest held sacred to the dead ?

May-be, she wished e'en in her dying hour  
 To impress for ever on my memory  
 The strength of the conviction she expressed  
 So earnestly, that ne'er-forgotten night.



Many have praised that finely-moulded head  
 And pointed out its Phrenologic charms ;—  
 But had they seen it richly shrouded by  
 Its veil of skin, warm with the ruddy blood,

O'erhung by glossy locks of finest hair—  
 Lit-up with eyes so sparkling, blithesome, kind—  
 As thine dear joyous Linkah!—Had they seen  
 The deeply-dimpled cheek, the ivory rows  
 Of brilliant teeth between those laughing lips—  
 Dwelt on the notes of music soft and clear  
 Of thy sweet voice—which temper never marred,  
 Tho' high and changing feeling lent fresh charms  
 To th' ever-varying cadence of its sounds—  
 Ah! had they felt all this, and heard the play  
 And sparkling sallies of thy ready wit—  
 Then had they prized the casket *with* its soul  
 And its bewitching envelope of life  
 More than these dry bleached bones!

Dear Linkah! thou

Wert all too bright to die;—or dying—thou  
 Shouldst have exhaled in sunbeams, and sweet scents  
 Of opening morning flowers—floating with  
 The rich notes of bright birds in zephyr'd air,  
 And then condensed again with coming eve—  
 Steeped in the rainbow colours of the skies—  
 As a bright Fairy—rivalling in grace  
 Shakspear's Titania! but *thy* Oberon  
 Could ne'er have quarrelled with *his* Fairy Queen—  
 Perfect in spirit as in loveliness—  
 And faultless in a nature like to thine!

Adieu ! sweet Linkah !—never more on earth  
 Shall I behold thy like.—In mine own Land  
 Are spirits pure and innocent as thine—  
 And forms as faultless—eyes as full of soul—  
 Features as delicate—more fair in hue—  
 And hearts as true in their devoted love  
 And each ennobling feeling—crowned by minds  
 In high attainment soaring above thine  
 As soars the Eagle higher than the Lark !

But thou, sweet Child of Nature, wert the Lark  
 Of thine own sunny clime—Thy Fancy's wing  
 Oft bore thee mounting thro' the azure skies,  
 A thing of light and life to realms of bliss—  
 And *there* I fondly dream thou dwellest now.—  
 Still would I linger o'er my last farewell—  
 Thy form is fading from me——It is gone !  
 Still, still, my ear would fancy thro' the gleam  
 Of yon gold-tinted cloud, I hear thy lay  
 Carolled to heavenly music !—may those strains  
 Live in my memory, that thou still mayest seem—  
 As ever when on earth—to me—a Fairy Dream !



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